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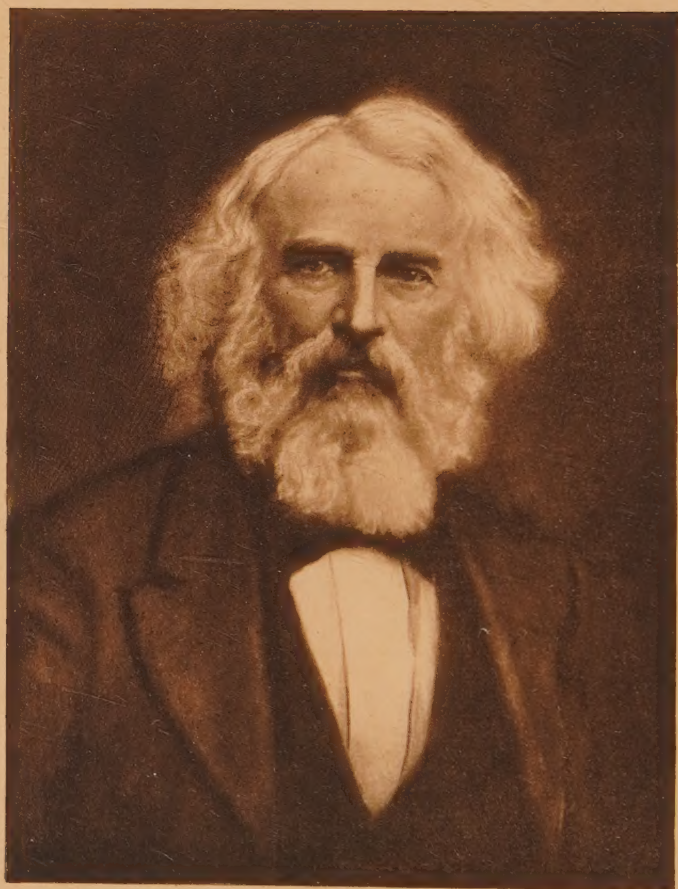














The World's Best Poetry

Volume Three

Sorrow and  
Consolation

An Interpreter of Life

By

Lyman Abbott

John D. Morris and Company

Philadelphia.

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## AN INTERPRETER OF LIFE.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

POETRY, music, and painting are three correlated arts, connected not merely by an accidental classification, but by their intrinsic nature. For they all possess the same essential function, namely, to interpret the uninterpretable, to reveal the undiscoverable, to express the inexpressible. They all attempt, in different forms and through different languages, to translate the invisible and eternal into sensuous forms, and through sensuous forms to produce in other souls experiences akin to those in the soul of the translator, be he poet, musician, or painter. That they are three correlated arts, attempting, each in its own way and by its own language, to express the same essential life, is indicated by their co-operation in the musical drama. This is the principle which Wagner saw so clearly, and has used to such effective purpose in his so-called operas, whose resemblance to the Italian operas which preceded them is more superficial than real. In the drama Wagner wishes you to consider neither the music apart from the scenery, nor the scenery apart from the acting, nor the three apart from the poetry. Poetry, music, and art combine with the actor to interpret truths of life which transcend philosophic definition. Thus in the first act

of "Parsifal," innocence born of ignorance, remorse born of the experience of temptation and sin, and reverence bred in an atmosphere not innocent yet free from the experience of great temptation, mingle in a drama which elevates all hearts, because in some one of these three phases it touches every heart. And yet certain of the clergy condemned the presentation as irreverent, because it expresses reverence in a symbolism to which they were unaccustomed.

But while it is true that these three arts are correlative and co-operative, they do not duplicate one another. Each not only speaks in a language of its own, but expresses in that language a life which the others cannot express. As color and fragrance combine to make the flower, but the color expresses what the fragrance cannot express, and the fragrance expresses what the color cannot express, so in the musical drama, music, poetry, and painting combine, not by duplicating but by supplementing each other. One may describe in language a symphony; but no description will produce the effect which the symphony produces. One may describe a painting; but no description will produce the effect which the painting will produce. So neither music, nor painting, nor both combined, can produce the same effect on the soul as poetry. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" enacted in pantomime, with Mendelssohn's music, would no more produce the same effect on the auditors which would be produced by the interpretation of the play in spoken words, than would the reading of the play at home



produce the same effect as the enacting of the play with what are miscalled the accessories of music and scenery. The music and scenery are no more accessories to the words than the words are accessories to the music and scenery. The three combine in a triple language to express and produce one life, and it can be expressed and produced in no other way than by the combination of the three arts in harmonious action. This is the reason why no parlor readings can ever take the place of the theatre, and no concert performance can ever take the place of the opera. This is the reason why all attempts to suppress the theatre and opera are and always will be in vain. They are attempts to suppress the expression and awakening of a life which can neither be expressed nor awakened in any other way; and suppression of life, however successfully it may be accomplished for a time, is never permanently possible.

These arts do not truly create, they interpret. Man is not a creator, he is only a discoverer. The imagination is not creative, it is only reportorial. Ideals are realities; imagination is seeing. The musician, the artist, the poet, discover life which others have not discovered, and each with his own instrument interprets that life to those less sensitive than himself. Observe a musician composing. He writes; stops; hesitates; meditates; perhaps hums softly to himself; perhaps goes to the piano and strikes a chord or two. What is he doing? He is trying to express to himself a beauty which he has heard in the world of infinite phenomena, and to reproduce it as well as sen-

suous sounds can reproduce it, that those with duller hearing than himself may hear it also. Observe a painter before his easel. He paints; looks to see the effect; erases; adds; modifies; re-examines; and repeats this operation over and over again. What is he doing? He is copying a beauty which he has seen in the invisible world, and which he is attempting to bring out from its hiding so that the men who have no eyes except for the sensuous may also see it. In my library is an original sonnet by John G. Whittier. In almost every line are erasures and interlineations. In some cases the careful poet has written a new line and pasted it over the rejected one. What does this mean? It means that he has discovered a truth of moral beauty and is attempting to interpret his discovery to the world. His first interpretation of his vision did not suit him, nor his second, nor his third, and he has revised and re-revised in the attempt to make his verse a true interpretation of the truth which he had seen. He did not make the truth; it eternally was. Neither did the musician make the truth of harmony, nor the painter the truth of form and color. They also eternally were. Poet, musician, painter, have seen, heard, felt, realized in their own souls some experience of life, some potent reality which philosophy cannot formulate, nor creed contain, nor eloquence define; and each in his own way endeavors to give it to the world of men; each in his own way endeavors to lift the gauzy curtain, impenetrable to most souls, which hides the invisible, the inaudible, the eternal, the

divine from men; and he gives them a glimpse of that of which he himself had but a glimpse.

In one sense and in one only can art be called creative: the artist, whether he be painter, musician, or poet, so interprets to other men the experience which has been created in him by his vision of the supersensible and eternal, that he evokes in them a similar experience. He is a creator only as he conveys to others the life which has been created in himself. As the electric wire creates light in the home; as the band creates the movement in the machinery; thus and only thus does the artist create life in those that wait upon him. He is in truth an interpreter and transmitter, not a creator. Nor can he interpret what he has not first received, nor transmit what he has not first experienced. The music, the painting, the poem are merely the instruments which he uses for that purpose. The life must first be in him or the so-called music, painting, poem are but dead simulacra; imitations of art, not real art. This is the reason why no mechanical device, be it never so skillfully contrived, can ever take the place of the living artist. The pianola can never rival the living performer; nor the orchestra the orchestra; nor the chromo the painting. No mechanical device has yet been invented to produce poetry; even if some shrewd Yankee should invent a printing machine which would pick out rhymes as some printing machines seem to pick out letters, the result would not be a poem. This is the reason too why mere perfection of execution never really satisfies. "She



sings like a bird." Yes! and that is exactly the difficulty with her. We want one who sings like a woman. The popular criticism of the mere musical expert that he has no soul, is profound and true. It is soul we want; for the piano, the organ, the violin, the orchestra, are only instruments for the transmission of soul. This is also the reason why the most flawless conductor is not always the best. He must have a soul capable of reading the soul of the composer; and the orchestra must receive the life of the composer as that is interpreted to them through the life of the conductor, or the performance will be a soulless performance.

Into each of these arts, therefore—music, painting, poetry—enter two elements: the inner and the outer, the truth and the language, the reality and the symbol, the life and the expression. Without the electric current the carbon is a mere blank thread; the electric current is not luminous if there be no carbon. The life and the form are alike essential. So the painter must have something to express, but he must also have skill to express it; the musician must have music in his soul, but he must also have a power of instrumentation; the poet must feel the truth, or he is no poet, but he must also have power to express what he feels in such forms as will create a similar feeling in his readers, or he is still no poet. Multitudes of women send to the newspapers poetical effusions which are not poems. The feeling of the writer is excellent, but the expression is bad. The writer has seen, but

she cannot tell what she has seen; she has felt, but she cannot express her experience so as to enkindle a like experience in others. These poetical utterances of inarticulate poets are sometimes whimsical but oftener pathetic; sometimes they are like the prattle of little children who exercise their vocal organs before they have anything to say; but oftener they seem to me like the beseeching eyes of a dumb animal, full of affection and entreaty for which he has no vocal expression. It is just as essential that poetical feeling should have poetical expression in order to constitute poetry as it is that musical feeling should have musical expression in order to constitute music. And, on the other hand, as splashes of color without artistic feeling which they interpret are not art, as musical sounds without musical feeling which they interpret are not music, so poetical forms without poetical feeling are not poetry. Poetical feeling in unpoetical forms may be poetical prose, but it is still prose. And on the other hand, rhymes, however musical they may be to the ear, are only rhymes, not poetry, unless they express a true poetical life.

But these two elements are separable only in thought, not in reality. Poetry is not common thought expressed in an uncommon manner; it is not an artificial phrasing of even the higher emotions. The higher emotions have a phrasing of their own; they fall naturally—whether as the result of instinct or of habit need not here be considered—into fitting forms. The form may be rhyme; it may be blank verse; it may be the

old Hebrew parallelism; it may even be the indescribable form which Walt Whitman has adopted. What is noticeable is the fact that poetical thought, if it is at its best, always takes on, by a kind of necessity, some poetical form. To illustrate if not to demonstrate this, it is only necessary to select from literature any fine piece of poetical expression of a higher and nobler emotion, or of clear and inspiring vision, and attempt to put it into prose form. The reader will find, if he be dealing with the highest poetry, that translating it into prose impairs its power to express the feeling, and makes the expression not less but more artificial. If he doubt this statement, let him turn to any of the finer specimens of verse in this volume and see whether he can express the life in prose as truly, as naturally, as effectively, as it is there expressed in rhythmical form.

These various considerations may help to explain why in all ages of the world the arts have been the handmaidens of religion. Not to amplify too much, I have confined these considerations to the three arts of music, painting, and poetry; but they are also applicable to sculpture and architecture. All are attempts by men of vision to interpret to the men who are not equally endowed with vision, what the invisible world about us and within us has for the enrichment of our lives. This is exactly the function of religion: to enrich human lives by making them acquainted with the infinite. It is true that at times the arts have been sensualized, the emphasis has been



put on the form of expression, not on the life expressed; and then reformers, like the Puritans and the Quakers, have endeavored to exclude the arts from religion, lest they should contaminate it. But the exclusion has been accomplished with difficulty, and to maintain it has been impossible. It is neither an accident, nor a sign of decadence, that painting and sculpture are creeping back into the Protestant churches, to combine with poetry and music in expressing the religious life of man. For the intellect alone is inadequate either to express that life as it exists, or to call it into existence where it does not exist. The tendency to ritual in our time is a tendency not to substitute æsthetic for spiritual life, though there is probably always a danger that such a substitution may be unconsciously made, but to express a religious life which cannot be expressed without the aid of æsthetic symbols. The work of the intellect is to analyze and define. But the infinite is in the nature of the case indefinable, and it is with the infinite religion has to do. All that theology can hope to accomplish is to define certain provinces in the illimitable realm of truth; to analyze certain experiences in a life which transcends all complete analysis. The Church must learn to regard not with disfavor or suspicion, but with eager acceptance, the co-operation of the arts in the interpretation of infinite truth and the expression of infinite life. Certainly we are not to turn our churches into concert rooms or picture and sculpture galleries, and imagine that æsthetic

enjoyment is synonymous with piety. But as surely we are not to banish the arts from our churches, and think that we are religious because we are barren. All language, whether of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, or oratory, is legitimately used to express the divine life, as all the faculties, whether of painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, orator, and philosopher, are to be used in reaching after a more perfect knowledge of Him who always transcends and always will transcend our perfect knowing.

Thus the study of poetry is the study of life, because poetry is the interpretation of life. Poetry is not a mere instrument for promoting enjoyment; it does not merely dazzle the imagination and excite the emotions. Through the emotions and the imagination it both interprets life and ministers to life. When the critic attempts to express that truth, that is, to interpret the interpreter, which he can do only by translating the poetry into prose, and the language of imagination and emotion into that of philosophy, he destroys the poem in the process, much as the botanist destroys the flower in analyzing it, or the musical critic the composition in disentangling its interwoven melodies and explaining the nature of its harmonic structure. The analysis, whether of music, art, or poetry, must be followed by a synthesis, which, in the nature of the case, can be accomplished only by the hearer or reader for himself. All that I can do here is to illustrate this revelatory character of poetry by some refer-

ences to the poems which this volume contains. I do not attempt to explain the meaning of these poems; that is a task quite impossible. I only attempt to show that they have a meaning, that beneath their beauty of form is a depth of truth which philosophical statement in prose cannot interpret, but the essence of which such statement may serve to suggest. I do not wish to expound the truth of life which is contained in the poet's verse; I only wish to show that the poet by his verse reveals a truth of life which the critic cannot express, and that it is for this reason pre-eminently that such a collection of poetry as this is deserving of the reader's study.

If for example the student turns to such a volume as Newman Smyth's "*Christian Ethics*," he will find there a careful though condensed discussion of the right and wrong of suicide. It is cool, deliberate, philosophical. But it gives no slightest hint of the real state of the man who is deliberating within himself whether he will commit suicide or no; no hint of the real arguments that pass in shadow through his mind:—the weariness of life which summons him to end all; the nameless, indefinable dread of the mystery and darkness and night into which death carries us, which makes him hesitate. If we would really understand the mind of the suicide, not merely the mind of the philosopher coolly debating suicide, we must turn to the poet.

"To be, or not to be : that is the question :  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,



Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die : to sleep;  
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there 's the rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause : there 's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin ! Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action."

This first the poet does: he draws aside the veil which hides the working of men's hearts, and lets us see their hidden life. But he does more. Not merely does he afford us knowledge, he imparts life. For we know feeling only by participating in the feeling; and the poet has the art not merely to describe the experiences of men but so to describe them that for the moment we share

them, and so truly know them by the only process by which they can be known. Who, for instance, can read Thomas Hood's "The Bridge of Sighs" and not, as he reads, stand by the despairing one as she waits a moment upon the bridge just ready to take her last leap out of the cruelty of this world into, let us hope, the mercy of a more merciful world beyond?

"Where the lamps quiver .  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Homeless by night.

"The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver ;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river :  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world.

"In she plunged boldly—  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it !  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man !  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can,

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !"

No analysis of philosophy can make us acquainted with the tragedy of this life as the poet can; no exhortation of preacher can so effectively arouse in us the spirit of a Christian charity for the despairing wanderer as the poet.

Would you know the tragedy of a careless and supercilious coquetry which plays with the heart as the fisherman plays with the salmon? Read "*Clara Vere de Vere*." Would you know the dull heartache of a loveless married life, growing at times into an intolerable anguish which no marital fidelity can do much to medicate? Read "*Auld Robin Gray*." Who but a poet can interpret the pain of a parting between loving hearts, with its remorseful recollections of the wholly innocent love's joys that are past?

" Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

Who but a poet can depict the perils of an unconscious drifting apart, such as has destroyed many a friendship and wrecked many a married life, as Clough has depicted it in "*Qua Cursum Ventus*"? If you would know the life-long sorrow of the blind man at your side, would enter into his life and for a brief moment share his captivity, read Milton's interpretation of that sorrow in *Samson's Lament*. If you would find some message to cheer the blind man in his darkness and illumine his captivity, read the same poet's ode on his own blindness:



“ God doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state  
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

No prison statistics, no police reports, no reformer's documents, no public discussions of the question, What to do with the tramp, will ever so make the student of life participant of the innermost experience of the tramp, his experience of dull despair, his loss of his grip on life, as Béranger's "The Old Vagabond." No expert in nervous diseases, no psychological student of mental states, normal and abnormal, can give the reader so clear an understanding of that deep and seemingly causeless dejection, which because it seems to be causeless seems also to be well-nigh incurable, as Percy Bysshe Shelley has given in his "Stanzas written near Naples." No critical expounder of the Stoical philosophy can interpret the stoical temper which interposes a sullen but dauntless pride to attacking sorrow as William Ernest Henley has done :

“ Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

“ In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.”

Nor can any preacher put in so vital a contrast to this despairing defiance with which pride chal-

lenges sorrow, the joyous victory which a trusting love wins over it by submitting to it, as John Greenleaf Whittier has done in "The Eternal Goodness":

"I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air:  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

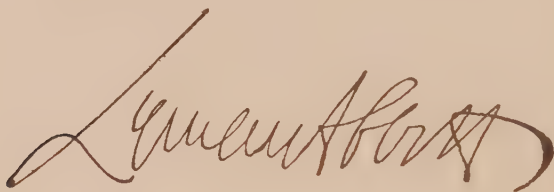
No philosophical treatise can interpret bereavement as the great poets have interpreted it. The mystery of sorrow, the bewilderment it causes, the wonder whether there is any God or any good, the silence that is the only answer to our call for help, the tumult of emotion, the strange perplexity of mind, the dull despair, the inexplicable paralysis of feeling, intermingling in one wholly inconsistent and incongruous experience: where, in all the literature of Philosophy can we find such an exposition and echo and interpretation of this experience as in that great Hebrew epic—the Book of Job? And where in all the literature of Philosophy can we find such interpreters of the two great comforters of the soul, faith and hope, as one finds in the poets? They do not argue; they simply sing. And, as a note struck upon one of a chime of bells will set the neighboring bell vibrating, so the strong note of faith and hope sounded by the poet, sets a like note vibrating in the mourner's heart. The mystery is not solved,

but the silence is broken. First we listen to the poet, then we listen to the same song sung in our own hearts,—the same, for it is God who has sung to him and who sings to us. And when the bereaved has found God, he has found light in his darkness, peace in his tempest, a ray in his night.

“ As a child,  
Whose song-bird seeks the wood forevermore,  
Is sung to in its stead by mother’s mouth;  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleep the faster that he wept before.”

The visitor to the island of Catalina, off the coast of California, is invited to go out in a glass-bottomed boat upon the sea. If he accepts the invitation and looks about him with careless curiosity, he will enjoy the blue of the summer sky and ocean wave, and the architectural beauty of the island hills; but if he turns his gaze downward and looks through the glass bottom of the boat in which he is sailing, he will discover manifold phases of beauty in the life beneath the sea waves: in goldfish darting hither and thither, in umbrella-shaped jellyfish lazily swimming by, in starfish and anemones of infinite variety, in sea-urchins brilliant in color, and in an endless forest of water-weeds exquisitely delicate in their structure. Perhaps he will try to photograph them; but in vain: his camera will render him no report of the wealth of life which he has seen. So he who takes up such a volume of poetry as this will find ample repayment in the successive pictures which it presents to his imagination, and

the transient emotions which it will excite in him. But besides this there is a secret life which the careless reader will fail to see, and which the critic cannot report, but which will be revealed to the thoughtful, patient, meditative student. In this power to reveal an otherwise unknown world, lies the true glory of poetry. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the poet has to say to him.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "L. M. Allen". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping initial "L" and a decorative flourish at the end.

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POEMS OF SORROW AND  
CONSOLATION.









# POEMS OF SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

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## I.

### DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE.

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#### THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT I. SC. 1.

For aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth:  
But, either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

## LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE,

Of me you shall not win renown;  
You thought to break a country heart  
For pastime, ere you went to town.  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
I saw the snare, and I retired:  
The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

I know you proud to bear your name;  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I came.  
Nor would I break for your sweet sake  
A heart that dotes on truer charms.  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

Some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is,  
I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

You put strange memories in my head.

Not thrice your branching lines have blown  
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.  
O your sweet eyes, your low replies :  
A great enchantress you may be ;  
But there was that across his throat  
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
When thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind,  
She spake some certain truths of you.  
Indeed I heard one bitter word  
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;  
Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
There stands a spectre in your hall :  
The guilt of blood is at your door :  
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.  
You held your course without remorse,  
To make him trust his modest worth,  
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,  
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'T is only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.



I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:  
You pine among your halls and towers:  
The languid light of your proud eyes  
Is wearied of the rolling hours.  
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If Time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?  
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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### LINDA TO HAFED.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,  
Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
So long had they in silence stood,  
Looking upon that moonlight flood,—  
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile  
To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
Oft in my fancy's wanderings,  
I've wished that little isle had wings,

And we, within its fairy bowers,  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
And we might live, love, die alone!  
Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
Where the bright eyes of angels only  
Should come around us, to behold  
A paradise so pure and lonely!  
Would this be world enough for thee?"—  
Playful she turned, that he might see  
The passing smile her cheek put on;  
But when she marked how mournfully  
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;  
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,  
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,  
My dreams, have boded all too right,—  
We part—forever part—to-night!  
I knew, I knew it *could* not last,—  
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!  
O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But 't was the first to fade away.  
I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!  
Now, too, the joy most like divine  
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
O misery! must I lose *that* too?"

THOMAS MOORE.

## LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow-  
ers,—

Things that are made to fade and fall away  
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die,—  
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not!

Love not! O warning vainly said  
In present hours as in years gone by!  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,  
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.

Love not!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN.  
(HON. MRS. NORTON.)

## THE PRINCESS.

THE Princess sat lone in her maiden bower,  
The lad blew his horn at the foot of the tower.  
“Why playest thou alway? Be silent, I pray,  
It fetters my thoughts that would flee far away.  
As the sun goes down.”

In her maiden bower sat the Princess forlorn,  
The lad had ceased to play on his horn.  
“Oh, why art thou silent? I beg thee to play!  
It gives wings to my thought that would flee far  
away,  
As the sun goes down.”

In her maiden bower sat the Princess forlorn,  
Once more with delight played the lad on his horn.  
She wept as the shadows grew long, and she  
sighed:  
“Oh, tell me, my God, what my heart doth betide,  
Now the sun has gone down.”

From the Norwegian of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.  
Translation of NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

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## UNREQUITED LOVE.

FROM “TWELFTH NIGHT,” ACT I. SC. 4.

VIOLA.—Ay, but I know,—

DUKE.—What dost thou know?

VIOLA.—Too well what love women to men may  
owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

DUKE.—And what 's her history?

VIOLA.—A blank, my lord. She never told her  
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

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### FAIR INES.

O SAW ye not fair Ines? she 's gone into the west,  
To dazzle when the sun is down, and rob the  
world of rest;  
She took our daylight with her, the smiles that  
we love best.  
With morning blushes on her cheek, and pearls  
upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines, before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone, and stars  
unrivalled bright;  
And blessed will the lover be that walks beneath  
their light,



And breathes the love against thy cheek I dare  
not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines, that gallant cavalier  
Who rode so gayly by thy side and whispered  
thee so near!—

Were there no bonny dames at home, or no true  
lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win the dearest  
of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines, descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen, and banners  
waved before;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay, and snowy  
plumes they wore;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream—if it had  
been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines! she went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps, and shoutings  
of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth, but only  
Music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell to her  
you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines! that vessel never  
bore  
So fair a lady on its deck, nor danced so light be-  
fore—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea, and sorrow on the  
shore!

The smile that blest one lover's heart has broken  
many more!

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons through the flowering thorn;  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed—never to return.

Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,  
And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvèr stole my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONNET.

FROM "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA."

WITH how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the  
skies,

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What may it be, that even in heavenly place

That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace

To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,

Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

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AGATHA.

SHE wanders in the April woods,

That glisten with the fallen shower;

She leans her face against the buds,

She stops, she stoops, she plucks a flower.

She feels the ferment of the hour:

She broodeth when the ringdove broods;

The sun and flying clouds have power

Upon her cheek and changing moods.  
She cannot think she is alone,  
As over her senses warmly steal  
Floods of unrest she fears to own  
And almost dreads to feel.

Among the summer woodlands wide  
Anew she roams, no more alone;  
The joy she feared is at her side,  
Spring's blushing secret now is known.  
The primrose and its mates have flown,  
The thrush's ringing note hath died;  
But glancing eye and glowing tone  
Fall on her from her god, her guide.  
She knows not, asks not, what the goal,  
She only feels she moves towards bliss,  
And yields her pure unquestioning soul  
To touch and fondling kiss.

And still she haunts those woodland ways,  
Though all fond fancy finds there now  
To mind of spring or summer days,  
Are sodden trunk and songless bough.  
The past sits widowed on her brow,  
Homeward she wends with wintry gaze,  
To walls that house a hollow vow,  
To hearth where love hath ceased to blaze;  
Watches the clammy twilight wane,  
With grief too fixed for woe or tear;  
And, with her forehead 'gainst the pane,  
Envies the dying year.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

## THE SUN-DIAL.

'T is an old dial, dark with many a stain;  
 In summer crowned with drifting orchard  
 bloom,

Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,  
 And white in winter like a marble tomb.

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow  
 Lean letters speak,—a worn and shattered row:

*I* am a Shade : a Shadowe too art thou :

*I* marke the Time : saye, Gossip, dost thou see ?

Here would the ring-doves linger, head to head ;  
 And here the snail a silver course would run,  
 Beating old Time ; and here the peacock spread  
 His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon ;  
 Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,  
 That swung a flower, and smiling hummed a  
 tune,—

Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed ;  
 About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone ;  
 And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,  
 Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,  
 Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,  
 Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,  
 Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;  
There came a second lady to the place,  
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and  
pale,—  
An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,  
Straying among the alleys with a book,—  
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,  
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found  
Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—  
Who knew what hearts and hands the letter  
bound,  
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,—

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;  
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;  
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearled and shone  
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;  
Then came a soldier gallant in her stead,  
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,  
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head.

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,  
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;  
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how  
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his  
glove;



Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;  
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge;  
And standing somewhat widely, like to one  
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,  
Took out the note;—held it as one who feared  
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;  
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;  
Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way,  
Arranged the brodered baldrick on his crest,  
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;  
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;  
But for a little time the brass will show  
A small gray spot,—the record of a tear.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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### LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is  
early morn,—  
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound  
upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the  
curlews call,  
Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over  
Locksley Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the  
sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cata-  
racts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I  
went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the  
west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through  
the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver  
braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a  
youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long re-  
sult of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land  
reposed;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise  
that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye  
could see,—  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the  
robin's breast;  
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself  
another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me ;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned,—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs;

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes,—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the  
chords with might;  
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed  
in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the  
copses ring,  
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the ful-  
ness of the spring.

Many an evening by the water did we watch the  
stately ships,  
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of  
the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine  
no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren,  
barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all  
songs have sung,—  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a  
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known  
me; to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart  
than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day  
by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-  
pathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated  
with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight  
to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have  
spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer  
than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy,—think not they  
are glazed with wine.  
Go to him; it is thy duty,—kiss him; take his  
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is over-  
wrought,—  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him  
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to  
understand,—  
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew  
thee with my hand.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the  
heart's disgrace,  
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last  
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the  
strength of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the  
living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest  
nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened fore-  
head of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hadst  
thou less unworthy proved,  
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than  
ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears  
but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart  
be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length  
of years should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clang-  
ing rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of  
the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I  
knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she  
speak and move;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was  
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the  
love she bore?

No,—she never loved me truly; love is love for-  
evermore.



Comfort? comfort scorned of devils; this is truth  
the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering  
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy  
heart be put to proof,  
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain  
is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art  
staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the  
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to  
his drunken sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears  
that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered  
by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing  
of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kind-  
ness on thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to  
thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace: for a tender  
voice will cry;  
'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy  
trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival  
brings thee rest,—

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the  
mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dear-  
ness not his due.

Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy  
of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty  
part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a  
daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she  
herself was not exempt—

Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy  
self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore  
should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by  
despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting  
upon days like these?

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to  
golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the  
markets overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which  
I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-  
man's ground,

When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the  
winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that  
honor feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each  
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that  
earlier page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-  
drous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt be-  
fore the strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult  
of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the com-  
ing years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his  
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and  
nearer drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like  
a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone be-  
fore him then,

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the  
throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through  
me left me dry,  
Left me with a palsied heart, and left me with  
the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here  
are out of joint.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on  
from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creep-  
ing nigher,

Glares at one that nods and winks behind a  
slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing  
purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the  
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of  
his youthful joys,

Though the deep heart of existence beat forever  
like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I  
linger on the shore

And the individual withers, and the world is  
more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he  
bears a laden breast,

Full of sad experience moving toward the still-  
ness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on  
the bugle horn,—

They to whom my foolish passion were a target  
for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a  
mouldered string?

I am shamed through all my nature to have loved  
so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's  
pleasure, woman's pain—

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a  
shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,  
matched with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water  
unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah  
for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life  
began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father,  
evil-starred;

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish un-  
cle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit,—there to wander  
far away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of  
the day,—



Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and  
happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,  
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an Euro-  
pean flag,—  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings  
the trailer from the crag,—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the  
heavy-fruited tree,—  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple  
spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than  
in this march of mind—  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts  
that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have  
scope and breathing-space;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear  
my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and  
they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their  
lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-  
bows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable  
books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know  
my words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the  
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads vacant of our  
glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast  
with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage,—what to me were  
sun or clime?  
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files  
of time,—

I, that rather held it better men should perish  
one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like  
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, for-  
ward let us range;  
Let the great world spin forever down the ring-  
ing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into  
the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of  
Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as  
when life begun,—  
Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the light-  
nings, weigh the sun,—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath  
not set;

Ancient founts of inspiration well through all  
my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to  
Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me  
the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over  
heath and holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a  
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or  
fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and  
I go.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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SONG.

“A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,

A weary lot is thine!

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,

And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,

A feather of the blue,

A doublet of the Lincoln green—

No more of me you knew,

My love!

No more of me you knew.

“The morn is merry June, I trow—  
The rose is budding fain;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.”  
He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore;  
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,  
Said, “Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the kye a'  
at hame,  
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for  
his bride;  
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside.  
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to  
sea;  
And the crown and the pound, they were baith  
for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was  
stown awa;  
My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—  
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work,—my mither couldna  
spin;  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna  
win;  
And Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in  
his e'e,  
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, will you marry  
me?"

My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie back;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a  
wrack;  
His ship was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?  
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae is me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,  
But she looked in my face till my heart was like  
to break;  
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the  
sea;  
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,  
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, for to marry  
thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:  
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bad him gang  
away.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,  
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.  
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray, he is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

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### TO A PORTRAIT.

A PENSIVE photograph  
Watches me from the shelf—  
Ghost of old love, and half  
Ghost of myself!

How the dear waiting eyes  
Watch me and love me yet—  
Sad home of memories,  
Her waiting eyes!

Ghost of old love, wronged ghost,  
Return: though all the pain  
Of all once loved, long lost,  
Come back again.

Forget not, but forgive!  
Alas, too late I cry.  
We are two ghosts that had their  
chance to live,  
And lost it, she and I.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



## MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay.

“No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“But low of cattle, and song of birds,  
And health, and quiet, and loving words.”

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day  
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## THE PALM AND THE PINE.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl  
Of other blood reposes;  
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl  
Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy  
Is leaning fancy-bound,  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,  
Relaxed the frosty twine,—  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace  
Those dimly-visioned boughs,  
As these young lovers face to face  
Renew their early vows.

From the German of HEINRICH HEINE.  
Translation of RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,  
LORD HOUGHTON.

CUMNOR HALL.

[SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE SUGGESTIVE ORIGIN OF  
SCOTT'S "KENILWORTH."]

THE dews of summer night did fall;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,  
The sounds of busy life were still,  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,  
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love  
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,  
Thy once belovèd bride to see;  
But be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received  
When happy in my father's hall;  
No faithless husband then me grieved,  
No chilling fears did me appall.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay,



And like the bird that haunts the thorn,  
So merrily sung the livelong day.

“If that my beauty is but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

“And when you first to me made suit,  
How fair I was, you oft would say!  
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,  
Then left the blossom to decay.

“Yes! now neglected and despised,  
The rose is pale, the lily’s dead;  
But he, that once their charms so prized,  
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

“For know, when sick’ning grief doth prey,  
And tender love’s repaid with scorn,  
The sweetest beauty will decay,—  
What floweret can endure the storm?

“At court, I’m told, is beauty’s throne,  
Where every lady’s passing rare,  
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,  
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

“Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

“ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,  
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;  
Some country swain might me have won,  
And thought my beauty passing rare.

“ But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)  
Or ’t is not beauty lures thy vows;  
Rather ambition’s gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“ Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,  
(The injured surely may repine,)—  
Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
When some fair princess might be thine?

“ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,  
And, oh! then leave them to decay?  
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

“ The village maidens of the plain  
Salute me lowly as they go;  
Envious they mark my silken train,  
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

“ The simple nymphs! they little know  
How far more happy ’s their estate;  
To smile for joy than sigh for woe—  
To be content—than to be great.

“ How far less blest am I than them—  
Daily to pine and waste with care!

Like the poor plant, that, from its stem  
Divided, feels the chilling air.

“Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy  
The humble charms of solitude;  
Your minions proud my peace destroy,  
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,  
The village death-bell smote my ear;  
They winked aside, and seemed to say,  
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near.’

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,  
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;  
No one to soothe me as I weep,  
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

“My spirits flag—my hopes decay—  
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear,  
And many a boding seems to say,  
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near!’”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,  
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapped its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,  
The oaks were shattered on the green;  
Woe was the hour, for nevermore  
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more  
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;  
For ever since that dreary hour  
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,  
Nor ever lead the merry dance,  
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,  
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,  
As wandering onward they've espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

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WALY, WALY.

O WALY, waly, up the bank,  
O waly, waly, doun the brae,  
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,  
Where I and my love were wont to gae!

I leaned my back unto an aik,  
I thoct it was a trustie tree,  
But first it bowed and syne it brak',—  
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
A little time while it is new!  
But when it 's auld it waxeth cauld,  
And fadeth awa' like the morning dew.  
O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he 'll never lo'e me mair.

Noo Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets sall ne'er be pressed by me;  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;  
Since my true love's forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry;  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,  
We were a comely sicht to see;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
An' I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kissed  
That love had been so ill to win,

I'd locked my heart in a case o' goud,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee;  
 And I mysel' were dead and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me!

ANONYMOUS.

# LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;  
 If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,  
 Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.  
 Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!  
 Thy father breides me great annoy.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

When he began to court my luv,  
 And with his sugred words to muve,  
 His faynings fals and flattering cheire  
 To me that time did not appeire:  
 But now I see, most cruell hee,  
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.  
*Balow, etc.*

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile:  
 But smile not, as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!

But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,  
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

*Balow, etc.*

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
Be luvving to thy father stil:  
Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,  
My luv with him maun stil abyde:  
In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,  
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

*Balow, etc.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,  
To faynings fals thine hart incline;  
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,  
And nevir change hir for a new;  
If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
For womens banning's wonderous sair.

*Balow, etc.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;  
My babe and I 'll together live,  
He 'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;  
My babe and I right saft will ly,  
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

*Balow, etc.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth  
That ever kist a woman's mouth!  
I wish all maids be warned by mee,  
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;



For if we doe but chance to bow,  
 They 'll use us then they care not how.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*  
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.

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### MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
 My heart is like to break;  
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,  
 I'm dyin' for your sake!  
 O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,  
 Your hand on my briest-bane,—  
 O, say ye'll think of me, Willie,  
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,  
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will;  
 But let me rest upon your briest  
 To sab and greet my fill.  
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
 Let me shed by your hair,  
 And look into the face, Willie,  
 I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
 For the last time in my life,—  
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,  
 A mither, yet nae wife.  
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
 And press it mair and mair,

Or it will burst the silken twine,  
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,  
When we thegither met,—  
O, wae 's me for the time, Willie,  
That our first tryst was set!  
O, wae 's me for the 'loanin' green  
Where we were wont to gae,—  
And wae 's me for the destinie  
That gart me luvè thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,  
I downa seek to blame;  
But O, it 's hard to live, Willie,  
And dree a warld's shame!  
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,  
And hailin' ower your chin:  
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
And sick wi' a' I see,  
I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
Or be as I should be.  
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
The heart that still is thine,  
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek  
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,  
A sair stoun' through my heart;

O, haud me up and let me kiss  
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt.  
 Anither, and anither yet!—  
 How fast my life-strings break!—  
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard  
 Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,  
 That lifts far ower our heid,  
 Will sing the morn as merrilie  
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;  
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,  
 Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,  
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee  
 As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,  
 On land where'er ye be;  
 And O, think on the leal, leal heart,  
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!  
 And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools  
 That file my yellow hair,  
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin  
 Ye never sali kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### ASHES OF ROSES.

Soft on the sunset sky  
 Bright daylight closes,  
 Leaving, when light doth die,  
 Pale hues that mingling lie,—  
 Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,  
Love's brightness closes;  
Eyes with hot tears are wet,  
In hearts there linger yet  
Ashes of roses.

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

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### A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,  
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:  
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!"

"I loved,—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.  
Love brought me down to death, and death to  
Hell;  
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,  
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;  
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again  
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain  
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent  
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent  
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!  
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.  
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,  
And upwards, joyous, like a rising star,  
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,  
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing;  
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea  
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—  
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!  
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in  
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!  
To be deceived in your true heart's desire  
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

JOHN HAY.

### THE SHADOW ROSE.

A NOISETTE on my garden path  
An ever-swaying shadow throws;  
But if I pluck it strolling by,  
I pluck the shadow with the rose.

Just near enough my heart you stood  
To shadow it,—but was it fair  
In him, who plucked and bore you off,  
To leave your shadow lingering there?

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

HAS SUMMER COME WITHOUT THE  
ROSE?

HAS summer come without the rose,  
Or left the bird behind?  
Is the blue changed above thee,  
O world! or am I blind?  
Will you change every flower that grows,  
Or only change this spot,  
Where she who said, I love thee,  
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,  
The rose true on the tree;  
The bird seemed true the summer through.  
But all proved false to me.  
World, is there one good thing in you,  
Life, love, or death—or what?  
Since lips that sang, I love thee,  
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall  
Into one flower's gold cup;  
I think the bird will miss me,  
And give the summer up.  
O sweet place, desolate in tall  
Wild grass, have you forgot  
How her lips loved to kiss me,  
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me;  
Come back with any face,

Summer!—do I care what you do?

You cannot change one place,—

The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,

The grave I make the spot,—

Here, where she used to love me,

Here, where she loves me not.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

## THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL.

[A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware-shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick, for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.]

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;  
 Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.  
 For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,  
 His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'T was a scandal and shame to the business-like  
 street,  
 One terrible blot in a ledger so neat:  
 The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,  
 And the rest of the mansion a thousand times  
 worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,  
 Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;



The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,  
And the panes from being broken were known to  
be glass.

On the rickety sign-board no learning could spell  
The merchant who sold, or the goods he 'd to sell;  
But for house and for man a new title took  
growth,  
Like a fungus,—the Dirt gave its name to them  
both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,  
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust,  
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof;  
'T was a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man  
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can;  
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,  
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no dis-  
grace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his  
shirt,  
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;  
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,—  
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and  
breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,  
Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare;  
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was so  
frightful,  
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs might they venture, in dirt and in  
gloom,  
To peep at the door of the wonderful room  
Such stories are told about, none of them true!—  
The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room,—forty years since, folk settled and  
decked it.  
The luncheon 's prepared, and the guests are ex-  
pected,  
The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,  
For his love and her friends will be with him to-  
day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,  
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom  
their best;  
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will  
appear,  
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall  
hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door.  
'T is a room deaf and dumb mid the city's uproar.  
The guests, for whose joyance that table was  
spread,  
May now enter as ghosts, for they 're every one  
dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come  
and go;  
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:

But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the  
mouse

Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old  
House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of  
dust;

The flowers fallen to powder, the wine swathed  
in crust;

A nosegay was laid before one special chair,  
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies  
there.

The old man has played out his part in the scene.  
Wherever he now is, I hope he 's more clean.

Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban  
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old  
Man.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

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### HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,  
Wheel me into the shadow,  
There must be leaves on the woodbine,  
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,  
Down to the little river,  
In sun or in shadow  
I shall not dazzle or shiver,  
I shall be happy anywhere,  
Every breath of the morning air  
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,  
By the mount or under the hill,  
Or down by the little river:  
Stay as long as you please,  
Give me only a bud from the trees,  
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,  
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,  
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,  
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;  
There must be odors round the pine,  
There must be balm of breathing kine,  
Somewhere down in the meadow.  
Must I choose? Then anchor me there  
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where  
The larch is snooding her flowery hair  
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thickest hazels of the brake  
Perchance some nightingale doth shake  
His feathers, and the air is full of song;  
In those old days when I was young and strong,  
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,  
Beside the nursery.

Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,  
And find him singing on the self-same bough  
(I know it even now)  
Where, since the flit of bat,  
In ceaseless voice he sat,  
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,  
Beneath the vernal moon;  
And while I listed long,

Day rose, and still he sang,  
And all his stanchless song,  
As something falling unaware,  
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,  
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang,—  
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,—  
A hound that dreams and dozes;  
Along my life my length I lay,  
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,  
I am warm with the suns that have long since  
set,

I am warm with the summers that are not yet,  
And like one who dreams and dozes  
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,  
Two worlds are whispering over me,  
And there blows a wind of roses  
From the backward shore to the shore before,  
From the shore before to the backward shore,  
And like two clouds that meet and pour  
Each through each, till core in core  
A single self reposes,  
The nevermore with the evermore  
Above me mingles and closes;  
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,  
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,  
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,  
A dreamy eye uncloses,  
I see a blooming world around,  
And I lie amid primroses,—  
Years of sweet primroses,  
Springs of fresh primroses,

Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,  
To feel I may dream and to know you deem  
My work is done forever,  
And the palpitating fever,  
That gains and loses, loses and gains,  
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a  
thousand pains,  
Cooled at once by that blood-let  
Upon the parapet;  
And all the tedious taskèd toil of the difficult  
long endeavor  
Solved and quit by no more fine  
Than these limbs of mine,  
Spanned and measured once for all  
By that right-hand I lost,  
Bought up at so light a cost  
As one bloody fall  
On the soldier's bed,  
And three days on the ruined wall  
Among the thirstless dead.

O, to think my name is crost  
From duty's muster-roll;  
That I may slumber though the clarion call,  
And live the joy of an embodied soul  
Free as a liberated ghost.  
O, to feel a life of deed  
Was emptied out to feed  
That fire of pain that burned so brief awhile,—  
That fire from which I come, as the dead come

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Forth from the irreparable tomb,  
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile  
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear  
Through years of segregated care,  
And takes the total load  
Upon his shoulders broad,  
And steps from earth to God.

O, to think, through good or ill,  
Whatever I am you 'll love me still;  
O, to think, though dull I be,  
You that are so grand and free,  
You that are so bright and gay,  
Will pause to hear me when I will,  
As though my head were gray;  
A single self reposes,  
The nevermore with the evermore  
Above me mingles and closes;  
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,  
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,  
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,  
A dreamy eye uncloses,  
I see a blooming world around,  
And I lie amid primroses,—  
Years of sweet primroses,  
Springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

O, to lie a-dream, a-dream,  
To feel I may dream and to know you deem  
My work is done forever,  
And the palpitating fever,



That gains and loses; loses and gains,  
And she,  
Perhaps, O even she  
May look as she looked when I knew her  
In those old days of childish sooth,  
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.  
I will not seek nor sue her,  
For I'm neither fonder nor truer  
Than when she slighted my lovelorn youth,  
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,  
And I only lived to rue her.  
But I'll never love another,  
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,  
She shall love me yet, my brother!

As a child that holds by his mother,  
While his mother speaks his praises,  
Holds with eager hands,  
And ruddy and silent stands  
In the ruddy and silent daisies,  
And hears her bless her boy,  
And lifts a wondering joy,  
So I'll not seek nor sue her,  
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,  
And I'll stand like a child beside,  
And from behind the purple pride  
I'll lift my eyes unto her,  
And I shall not be denied.  
And you will love her, brother dear,  
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here  
All through the balmy April tide,  
And she will trip like spring by my side,  
And be all the birds to my ear.

And here all three we'll sit in the sun,  
And see the Aprils one by one,  
Primrosed Aprils on and on,  
Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,  
New springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

---

DIVIDED.

I.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom:  
We two among them wading together,  
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.  
  
Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,  
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet:  
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,  
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.  
  
Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,  
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,  
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,  
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.  
  
We two walk till the purple dieth,  
And short dry grass under foot is brown,

But one little streak at a distance lieth  
Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,  
And God, He knoweth how blithe we were!  
Never a voice to bid us eschew it;  
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,  
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen:  
Drop over drop there filtered and slided  
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,  
Light was our talk as of faery bells—  
Faery wedding-bells faintly rung to us,  
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,  
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;  
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,  
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows;  
Circling above us the black rooks fly,  
Forward, backward: lo, their dark shadows  
Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck—for her long grass parteth,  
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;

And lo, the sun like a lover darteth  
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather,  
Till one steps over the tiny strand,  
So narrow, in sooth, that still together  
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,  
On either margin, our songs all done,  
We move apart, while she singeth ever,  
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;  
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:  
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;  
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

## IV.

A breathing sigh—a sigh for answer;  
A little talking of outward things:  
The careless beck is a merry dancer,  
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider—  
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell:"  
"I may not cross"—and the voice beside her  
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning:  
No second crossing that ripple's flow:

“Come to me now, for the west is burning:  
Come ere it darkens.”—“Ah, no! ah, no!”

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—  
The beck grows wider and swift and deep;  
Passionate words as of one beseeching—  
The loud beck drowns them: we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,  
A tired queen with her state oppressed,  
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,  
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;  
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;  
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,  
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places,  
On either marge of the moonlit flood,  
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,  
Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,  
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;  
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,  
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered,  
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;

Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,  
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,  
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;  
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,  
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,  
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;  
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,  
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river;  
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;  
But two are walking apart forever,  
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

## VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;  
The river hasteth, her banks recede;  
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding  
Bear down the lily, and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing—  
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air)—  
And level sands for banks endowing  
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,  
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch  
wide,

How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,  
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—  
My eyes brim over, it melts away:  
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,  
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—  
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—  
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—  
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him:

And as I walk by the vast calm river,  
The awful river so dread to see,  
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever  
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELow.

---

TO DIANE DE POITIERS.

FAREWELL! since vain is all my care,  
Far, in some desert rude,  
I'll hide my weakness, my despair:  
And, 'midst my solitude,  
I'll pray, that, should another move thee,  
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!  
Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms!

Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,  
Which Love inhabits and illumines!  
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:  
One far less fond, perchance, had won ye!

From the French of CLEMENT MAROT.  
Translation of LOUISE STUART COSTELLO.

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### THE SPINNER.

THE spinner twisted her slender thread  
As she sat and spun:  
"The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,  
"And the moon and sun;  
Into my web the sunlight goes,  
And the breath of May,  
And the crimson life of the new-blown rose  
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in the hush of noon  
And her song was low:  
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,  
You are swift to go.  
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup  
With its hopes and fears.  
Love, come and drink the sweetness up  
Ere it turn to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun:  
"Is it time to rest?  
My hands are weary,—my work is done,  
I have wrought my best;  
I have spun and woven with patient eyes  
And with fingers fleet.  
Lo! where the toil of a lifetime lies  
In a winding-sheet!"

MARY AINGE DE VERE (*Madeline Bridges*).



TAKE. O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.\*

TAKE, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, like break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are yet of those that April wears!  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

### WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief as is the blame;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same?  
He that can love unloved again,  
Hath better store of love than brain:  
God sends me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifths fool their love away.

\* The first stanza of this song appears in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," *Activ. Sc. 1.*; the same, with the second stanza added, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou hadst still continued mine;  
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine.  
But thou thy freedom didst recall,  
That if thou might elsewhere inthrall;  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,  
And changed the object of thy will,  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy, to love thee still.  
Yea, it had been a sin to go  
And prostitute affection so,  
Since we are taught no prayers to say  
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,  
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;  
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
To see him gain what I have lost;  
The height of my disdain shall be,  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;  
To love thee still, but go no more  
A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

---

#### TIME'S REVENGE.

SHE, who but late in beauty's flower was seen,  
Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien—

Who froze my hopes and triumphed in my fears,  
 Now sheds her graces in the waste of years.  
 Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,  
 And dimmed her eye, and wrinkled is her brow;  
 And querulous the voice by time repressed,  
 Whose artless music stole me from my rest.  
 Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair  
 And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair.

From the Greek of AGATHIAS.  
 Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

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### THE DREAM.

OUR life is twofold; sleep hath its own world,  
 A boundary between the things misnamed  
 Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,  
 And a wide realm of wild reality,  
 And dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
 They do divide our being; they become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity;  
 They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak  
 Like sibyls of the future; they have power,—  
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
 They make us what we were not,—what they will,  
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
 The dread of vanished shadows.—Are they so?  
 Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
 Creations of the mind?—The mind can make

Substances, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep,—for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of a mild declivity, the last  
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:  
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing,—the one on all that was beneath  
Fair as herself,—but the boy gazed on her;  
And both were young, and one was beautiful;  
And both were young,—yet not alike in youth.  
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one belovèd face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had looked  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;

She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
 But trembled on her words; she was his sight,  
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
 Which colored all his objects;—he had ceased  
 To live with himself: she was his life,  
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
 Which terminated all; upon a tone,  
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
 And his cheek change tempestuously,—his heart  
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
 Even as a brother,—but no more; 't was much,  
 For brotherless she was, save in the name  
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;  
 Herself the solitary scion left  
 Of a time-honored race. It was a name  
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not,—  
     and why?  
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved  
 Another; even *now* she loved another,  
 And on the summit of the hill she stood,  
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 There was an ancient mansion, and before  
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned;  
 Within an antique oratory stood  
 The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,  
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon  
 He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced  
 Words which I could not guess of; then he leaned

His bowed head on his hands and shook, as 't were  
With a convulsion,—then arose again,  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
What he had written, but he shed no tears,  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet; as he paused,  
The lady of his love re-entered there;  
She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—  
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart  
Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face  
A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;  
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps  
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed  
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,  
And mounting on his steed he went his way;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The boy was sprung to manhood; in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay

Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
 Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
 Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
 Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side  
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
 Were fastened near a fountain; and a man,  
 Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,  
 While many of his tribe slumbered around:  
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The lady of his love was wed with one  
 Who did not love her better: in her home,  
 A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,  
 She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,  
 Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!  
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
 As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.  
 What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,  
 And he who had so loved her was not there  
 To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
 Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.  
 What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,  
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,  
 Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
 Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The wanderer was returned.—I saw him stand

Before an altar—with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The starlight of his boyhood;—as he stood  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock  
That in the antique oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then—  
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reeled around him; he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have  
been,—

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
And the remembered chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny, came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light;  
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The lady of his love;—O, she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul! her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things,  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.



And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise  
 Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
 Of melancholy is a fearful gift;  
 What is it but the telescope of truth,  
 Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
 Making the cold reality too real!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 The wanderer was alone as heretofore,  
 The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
 Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
 For blight and desolation, compassed round  
 With hatred and contention; pain was mixed  
 In all which was served up to him, until,  
 Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
 He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
 But were a kind of nutriment; he lived  
 Through that which had been death to many men,  
 And made him friends of mountains: with the  
       stars

And the quick Spirit of the universe  
 He held his dialogues; and they did teach  
 To him the magic of their mysteries;  
 To him the book of Night was opened wide,  
 And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
 A marvel and a secret.—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.  
 It was of a strange order, that the doom  
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out  
 Almost like a reality,—the one  
 To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRON.

ALAS! HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY  
MOVE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

ALAS! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something light as air,—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken,—  
O, love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this has shaken!  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesss of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,  
That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
 As in the Fields of Bliss above  
 He sits, with flowerets fettered round;—  
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings;  
 For even an hour, a minute's flight  
 Will rob the plumies of half their light.  
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest  
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
 Lose all their glory when he flies!

THOMAS MOORE.

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BLIGHTED LOVE.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,  
 Cheerily the linnets sing;  
 Winds are soft, and skies serene;  
 Time, however, soon shall throw  
 Winter's snow  
 O'er the buxom breast of Spring!

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,  
 Lives not through the scorn of years;  
 Time makes love itself depart;  
 Time and scorn congeal the mind,—  
 Looks unkind  
 Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;  
 Time dissolve the winter snow;

Winds be soft, and skies serene;  
 Linnets sing their wonted strain:  
     But again  
 Blighted love shall never blow!

From the Portuguese of LUIS DE CAMOENS.  
 Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

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## THE NEVERMORE.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;  
     I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;  
     Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell  
 Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;  
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen  
     Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my  
     spell  
     Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,  
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart  
     One moment through my soul the soft surprise  
     Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of  
     sighs, —  
 Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart  
 Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart  
     Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

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## THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught  
     Through the silent house, but the wind at his  
     prayers.

I sat by the dying fire, and thought  
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain  
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;  
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,  
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,  
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:  
And grief had sent him fast to sleep  
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place  
All round, that knew of my loss beside,  
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,  
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,  
And my grief had moved him beyond control;  
For his lips grew white, as I could observe,  
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:  
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:  
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:  
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,  
Which next to her heart she used to wear—  
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes  
When my own face was not there.

“ It is set all round with rubies red,  
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.  
For each ruby there my heart hath bled :  
For each pearl my eyes have wept.”

And I said—“ The thing is precious to me :  
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay ;  
It lies on her heart, and lost must be  
If I do not take it away.”

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,  
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,  
Till into the chamber of death I came,  
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet,  
There stark she lay on her carven bed :  
Seven burning tapers about her feet,  
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath ;  
I turned as I drew the curtains apart :  
I dared not look on the face of death :  
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,  
It had warmed that heart to life, with love ;  
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,  
And I could feel it move.

’T was the hand of a man, that was moving slow  
O’er the heart of the dead,—from the other side :

And at once the sweat broke over my brow.

“Who is robbing the corpse?” I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers’ light,

The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,

Stood over the corpse, and all as white,

And neither of us moved.

“What do you here, my friend?” . . . The man

Looked first at me, and then at the dead.

“There is a portrait here,” he began;

“There is. It is mine,” I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, “Yours, no doubt,

The portrait was, till a month ago,

When this suffering angel took that out,

And placed mine there, I know.”

“This woman, she loved me well,” said I.

“A month ago,” said my friend to me:

“And in your throat,” I groaned, “you lie!”

He answered, . . . “Let us see.”

“Enough!” I returned, “let the dead decide:

And whosoever the portrait prove,

His shall it be, when the cause is tried,

Where Death is arraigned by Love.”

We found the portrait there, in its place:

We opened it by the tapers’ shine:

The gems were all unchanged: the face

Was—neither his nor mine.

“ One nail drives out another, at least!  
 The face of the portrait there,” I cried,  
 “ Is our friend’s, the Raphael-faced young Priest,  
 Who confessed her when she died.”

The setting is all of rubies red,  
 And pearls which a Peri might have kept.  
 For each ruby there my heart hath bled:  
 For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

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### ONLY A WOMAN.

“ She loves with love that cannot tire:  
 And if, ah, woe! she loves alone,  
 Through passionate duty love flames higher,  
 As grass grows taller round a stone.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

So, the truth’s out. I’ll grasp it like a snake,—  
 It will not slay me. My heart shall not break  
 Awhile, if only for the children’s sake.

For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed;  
 None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,  
 Except—one trifle scarcely worth being named—

The heart. That’s gone. The corrupt dead might  
 be

As easily raised up, breathing,—fair to see,  
 As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,  
 Or courted him as silly maidens court,  
 And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.



I only loved him,—any woman would:  
But shut my love up till he came and sued,  
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest!—  
So happy that I was his first and best,  
As he mine,—when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!  
If for one little year, a month or two,  
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,  
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne—  
Poor substitute—because the queen was gone!

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss  
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,  
He had kissed another woman even as this,—

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep  
To be thus cheated, like a child asleep;—  
Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;  
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound,—  
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder,—colder still,  
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,  
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All,—anything but him. It was to be,  
The full draught others drink up carelessly  
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again,—he gives me all I claimed,  
I and my children never shall be shamed :  
He is a just man,—he will live unblamed.

Only—O God, O God, to cry for bread,  
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head  
Upon a bosom where the old love's dead!

Dead?—Fool! It never lived. It only stirred  
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard:  
So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight.  
I know not if her face be foul or bright;  
I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine; I only know he stands  
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,  
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.  
He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow,  
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends,  
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of  
friends  
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows,—none heeds. I have a little pride;  
Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side,  
With the same smile as when I was his bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms;  
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms;  
Their kiss—ah! unlike his—all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,  
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,  
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

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### DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

IN the low-raftered garret, stooping  
Carefully over the creaking boards,  
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping  
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;  
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid  
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,  
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid  
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,  
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;  
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,  
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.  
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom  
Of the chimney, where with swifts and reel,  
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,  
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,  
A part of her girlhood's little world;  
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;  
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled  
With many a click: on her little stool  
She sits, a child, by the open door,  
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool  
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor

Her sisters are spinning all day long;  
To her wakening sense the first sweet warning  
Of daylight come is the cheerful song  
To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.  
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,  
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;  
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,  
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,  
Together they go, through glimmer and  
gloom:—  
It all comes back to her, dreaming there  
In the low-raftered garret room;  
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,  
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,  
Are all in her memory linked together;  
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,  
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,  
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,  
Stretching it out and winding it in,  
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,  
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,

And many a long-drawn golden thread  
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,  
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;  
Through curling clouds his kindly face  
Glow upon her with love and pride.  
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair  
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,  
With beautiful drooping head, and hair  
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,  
They have followed her sisters from the door;  
Now they are old, and she is their idol:—  
It all comes back on her heart once more.  
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,  
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall,—  
A hand at the latch,—'t is lifted lightly,  
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips  
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;  
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,  
And tells his story, and joints his flute:  
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!  
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;  
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,  
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:  
O, then the weary, weary days!

Ever with restless, wretched heart,  
Plying her task, she turns to gaze  
Far up the road; and early and late  
She harks for a footstep at the door,  
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,  
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie, and could you steel  
Your thoughts towards one who loved you so?—  
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,  
In duty and love that lighten woe;  
Striving with labor, not in vain,  
To drive away the dull day's dreariness,—  
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain  
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she:  
A word, and all her life is changed!  
His wavering love too easily  
In the great, gay city grows estranged:  
One year: she sits in the old church pew;  
A rustle, a murmur,—O Dorothy! hide  
Your face and shut from your soul the view—  
'T is Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,  
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,  
And a bent old man with a grizzled head  
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.  
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy  
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems,  
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,  
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,  
Sought by many a youthful adorer,  
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,  
Shining an endless vista before her!  
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,  
Groping under the farm-house eaves,—  
And life was a brief November day  
That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part  
Is better at last than proud success,  
And patience and love in a chastened heart  
Are pearls more precious than happiness;  
And in that morning when she shall wake  
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,  
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,  
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

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#### THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face,  
What passion stirred her blood,  
What tide of sorrow and desire  
Poured its forgotten flood  
Upon a heart that ceased to beat,  
Long since, with thought that life was sweet,  
When nights were rich with vernal dusk,  
And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then  
Stolen through the latticed room,

Her funeral raiment would have shed  
A more heart-breaking gloom ;  
Had not a dimpled convent-maid  
Hung in the doorway, half afraid,  
And left the melancholy place  
Bright with her blush and bloom !

Beside the gilded harp she stood,  
And through the singing strings  
Wound those wan hands of folded prayer  
In murmurous preludings.  
Then, like a voice, the harp rang high  
Its melody, as climb the sky,  
Melting against the melting blue,  
Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why, of all the songs that grow  
Forever tenderer,  
Chose she that passionate refrain  
Where lovers 'mid the stir  
Of wassailers that round them pass  
Hide their sweet secret? Now, alas,  
In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,  
What meant that song to her !

Slowly the western ray forsook  
The statue in its shrine ;  
A sense of tears thrilled all the air  
Along the purpling line.  
Earth seemed a place of graves that rang  
To hollow footsteps, while she sang,  
" Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ! "

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



## FIDELITY IN DOUBT.

COME, lady, to my song incline,  
The last that shall assail thine ear.  
None other cares my strains to hear,  
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith de-  
lighted!  
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;  
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,  
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!  
Yea, I will yield this life of mine  
In every deed, if cause appear,  
Without another boon to cheer.  
Honor it is to be by thee incited  
To any deed; and I, when most benighted  
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,  
And brave men still do their occasion meet.

From the French of GUIRAUD LE ROUX.  
Translation of HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

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## FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

## II. PARTING AND ABSENCE.

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### PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,  
But for one night though that farewell may be,  
Press thou his hand in thine.  
How canst thou tell how far from thee  
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-mor-  
row comes?  
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of  
a street,  
And days have grown to months, and months to  
lagging years,  
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.  
Parting, at best, is underlaid  
With tears and pain.  
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,  
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm  
The hand of him who goeth forth;  
Unseen, Fate goeth too.  
Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest  
word  
Between the idle talk,  
Lest with thee henceforth,  
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## TO LUCASTA.

## ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase.—  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith imbrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

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GOOD BYE.

“FAREWELL! farewell!” is often heard  
From the lips of those who part:  
’T is a whispered tone,—’t is a gentle word,  
But it springs not from the heart.  
It may serve for the lover’s closing lay,  
To be sung ’neath a summer sky;  
But give to me the lips that say  
The honest words, “Good-bye!”

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,  
In the guise of courtly speech:  
But when we leave the kind and dear,  
'T is not what the soul would teach.  
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those  
We would have forever nigh,  
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows  
In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye."

The mother, sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears  
For the loved one's future life.  
No cold "adieu," no "farewell," lives  
Within her choking sigh,  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,  
"God bless thee, boy! Good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance hath lost its beam;  
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,  
And the world a passing dream;  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart *must* understand,  
A long, a last Good-bye.

ANONYMOUS.

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#### AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—  
Naething could resist my Nancy:  
But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love forever.  
Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

ROBERT BURNS.

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O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED  
ROSE.

O, my Luve's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O, my Luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I:

And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :  
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luvè !  
And fare thee weel awhile !  
And I will come again, my Luvè,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

### MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, O, give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest !  
Hear my vow before I go,

*Zōḗ mou sás ágapō.\**

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,

*Zōḗ mou sás ágapō.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;

\* *Zōë mou, sas ágapō* ; My life, I love thee.

By all the token-flowers that tell  
 What words can never speak so well;  
 By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζώη μου σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone.  
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
 Though I fly to Istambol,  
 Athens holds my heart and soul:  
 Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζώη μου σάς ἀγαπῶ.*

LORD BYRON.

---

 SONG

OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM HIS  
 BRIDE BY THE "FIERY CROSS OF RODERICK DHU."

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,  
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
 And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught!  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

#### BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;  
“O, where shall I my true-love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true  
If my sweet William sails among the crew.”

William, who high upon the yard  
Rocked with the billow to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard  
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast



If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest:—  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“ Believe not what the landmen say  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find:  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“ If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white.  
Thus every beauteous object that I view  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“ Though battle call me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
William shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
No longer must she stay aboard :  
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;  
“ Adieu ! ” she cried ; and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

---

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SHE says, “ The cock crows,—hark ! ”  
He says, “ No ! still ’t is dark.”

She says, “ The dawn grows bright,”  
He says, “ O no, my Light.”

She says, “ Stand up and say,  
Gets not the heaven gray ? ”

He says, “ The morning star  
Climbs the horizon’s bar.”

She says, “ Then quick depart :  
Alas ! you now must start ;

But give the cock a blow  
Who did begin our woe ! ”

ANONYMOUS. From the Chinese.  
Translation of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

## LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on wear,  
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody  
shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my  
mind;  
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;  
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;  
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favor I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

## AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 't was leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we 've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk with joyous seeming,—  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
O, sweet 's the cup that circles then  
To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And naught but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we 've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve  
When eastward darkly going,

To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

---

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so,—but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered;—  
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed  
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,

Through winds and tides one compass guides;  
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,—  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,—  
One purpose hold where'er they fare;  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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#### ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;

Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

LORD BYRON.

---

FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

FARE thee well! and if forever,  
Still forever, fare thee well;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee,—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not:  
Love may sink by slow decay;

But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thy own its life retaineth,—  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is pressed,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,  
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou nevermore mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.



Every feeling hath been shaken;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee,—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 't is done; all words are idle,—  
Words from me are vainer still;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

LORD BYRON.

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COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE.

SINCE there's no helpe,—come, let us kisse and  
parte,

Nay, I have done,—you get no more of me;  
And I am glad,—yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free.  
Shake hands forever!—cancel all our vows;

And when we meet at any time againe,  
Be it not seene in either of our brows,  
That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now—at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath—  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;  
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now! if thou wouldst—when all have given him  
over—

From death to life thou mightst him yet re-  
cover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

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### FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO DEAR.

SONNET LXXXVII.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know-  
ing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter;  
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

### KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn is break-  
ing,

The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;

The lark from her light wing the bright dew is  
shaking,—

Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?

Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?  
It may be for years, and it may be forever!

Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?  
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!  
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden  
light;

Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my num-  
bers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are fall-  
ing,

To think that from Erin and thee I must part!  
It may be for years, and it may be forever!

Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my  
heart?

Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

JULIA (*or* LOUISA MACARTNEY) CRAWFORD.

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### WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,

On the banks of that lonely river;

Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,

We met—and we parted forever!

The night-bird sung, and the stars above  
Told many a touching story,  
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,  
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet  
With the tears that were past controlling;  
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,  
And those vows at the time were consoling;  
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine  
Are as cold as that lonely river;  
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,  
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,  
And my heart grows full of weeping;  
Each star is to me a sealèd book,  
Some tale of that loved one keeping.  
We parted in silence,—we parted in tears,  
On the banks of that lonely river:  
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years  
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

JULIA (*or* LOUISA MACARTNEY) CRAWFORD.

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## AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,  
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;  
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,  
A wistful look she backward cast,  
And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white  
Lingered reluctant, and again  
Half doubting if she did aright,  
Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;  
I linger in delicious pain;  
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,  
Thinks she,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

'T is thirteen years; once more I press  
The turf that silences the lane;  
I hear the rustle of her dress,  
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,  
I hear,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!  
The English words had seemed too fain,  
But these—they drew us heart to heart,  
Yet held us tenderly apart;  
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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### PALINODE.

#### AUTUMN.

STILL thirteen years: 't is autumn now  
On field and hill, in heart and brain;  
The naked trees at evening sough;  
The leaf to the forsaken bough  
Sighs not,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,  
That now is void, and dank with rain,  
And one,—oh, hope more frail than foam!  
The bird to his deserted home  
Sings not,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;  
Once, parting there, we played at pain;  
There came a parting, when the weak  
And fading lips essayed to speak  
Vainly,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,  
Though thou in outer dark remain;  
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,  
And still, for eighteen centuries saith  
Softly,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

If earth another grave must bear,  
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,  
And something whispers my despair,  
That, from an orient chamber there,  
Floats down,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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### FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour  
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your  
bower,  
Then think of the friend that once welcomed it  
too,

And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.  
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of  
    pain—

But he ne'er can forget the short vision that threw  
Its enchantment around him while lingering with  
    you!

And still on that evening when Pleasure fills up  
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each  
    cup,

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends! will be with you that  
    night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your  
    wiles,

And return to me, beaming all o'er with your  
    smiles—

Too blest if it tell me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
Some kind voice has murmured, "I wish he were  
    here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de-  
    stroy;

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features which joy used to  
    wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-  
    tilled—

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you  
    will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.

## PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM "THE ILIAD," BOOK VI.

"Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?  
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!  
For sure such courage length of life denies,  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,  
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;  
Then raised a mountain where his bones were  
burned;  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorned;  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

. . . . .



“Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,  
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;  
Oh prove a husband’s and a father’s care!  
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:  
Thou, from this tower defend th’ important post;  
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.”

The chief replied: “That post shall be my care,  
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.

[How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,  
And Troy’s proud dames, whose garments sweep  
the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,  
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?  
My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
My soul impels me to th’ embattled plains:  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father’s glories, and my own.  
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue re-  
lates)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,  
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
As thine, Andromachè! thy griefs I dread;  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!]  
In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes of which so large a part was thine!  
To bear the victor's hard commands or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!  
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!  
Thy Hector, wrapped in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,  
And Hector hastèd to relieve his child;  
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,  
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.  
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:

"O thou whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,  
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,

Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age!  
So when, triumphant from successful toils,  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,  
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:  
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms  
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.  
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,  
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:

"Andromachè! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth,  
And such the hard condition of our birth.  
No force can then resist, no flight can save;  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:  
Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
The field of combat is the sphere for men.  
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,

Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,  
 That streamed at every look : then, moving slow,  
 Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.  
 There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,  
 Through all her train the soft infection ran ;  
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
 And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

From the Greek of HOMER.

Translation of ALEXANDER POPE.

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### HECTOR TO HIS WIFE.

FROM THE ILIAD, BOOK VI.

[The following extract is given as showing a more modern style of translation. It embraces the bracketed portion of the foregoing from Pope's version.]

I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I  
     fear the reproaches  
 Both of the Trojan youths and the long-robed  
     maidens of Troja,  
 If like a cowardly churl I should keep me aloof  
     from the combat :  
 Nor would my spirit permit ; for well I have learnt  
     to be valiant,  
 Fighting aye 'mong the first of the Trojans mar-  
     shalled in battle,  
 Striving to keep the renown of my sire and my  
     own unattainted.  
 Well, too well, do I know,—both my mind and my  
     spirit agreeing,—

That there will be a day when sacred Troja shall  
perish.

Priam will perish too, and the people of Priam,  
the spear-armed.

Still, I have not such care for the Trojans doomed  
to destruction,

No, nor for Hecuba's self, nor for Priam, the mon-  
arch, my father,

Nor for my brothers' fate, who, though they be  
many and valiant,

All in the dust may lie low by the hostile spears of  
Achaia,

As for thee, when some youth of the brazen-mailèd  
Achæans

Weeping shall bear thee away, and bereave thee  
forever of freedom.

Translation of E. C. HAWTREY.

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TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be

Away from thee;

Or that, when I am gone,

You or I were alone;

Then, my Lucasta, might I crave

Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale

To swell my sail,

Or pay a tear to 'suage

The foaming blue-god's rage;

For, whether he will let me pass

Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls:  
Above the highest sphere we meet,  
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' the skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfined  
In heaven,—their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

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### TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

HER window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day  
In prayer she kneels:  
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come;  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide;

They come, they go, but nevermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

“O Thou! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon gray waste, and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

“O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear,—  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail!

“Come, with your dreariest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about;  
O God! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death!”

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,

It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell;  
But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:  
"I wait to meet thee: be of cheer,  
For all is well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### I LOVE MY JEAN.

OF a' the airts \* the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west;  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And monie a hill's between;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air;  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

\* The points of the compass.



## JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way;  
But never, never can forget  
The luve o' life's young day!  
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en  
May weel be black gin Yule;  
But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygane years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears:  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
'T was then we twa did part;  
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!  
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither lear;  
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,  
What our wee heads could think.  
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,  
Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said  
We cleeked thegither hame?  
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
(The scule then skail't at noon,)  
When we ran off to speel the braes,—  
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,—  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
O' scule-time, and o' thee.  
O mornin' life! O mornin' luvè!  
O lichtsome days and lang,  
When hinnied hopes around our hearts  
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luvè, how aft we left  
The deavin', dinsome toun,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters croon?  
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the woods,  
The burn sang to the trees,—  
And we, with nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies;  
And on the knowe abune the burn,  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trickled down your cheek  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
Had ony power to speak!  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ye hae been to me?  
O, tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine!  
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
I've borhe a weary lot;  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.  
The fount that first burst frae this heart  
Still travels on its way;

And channels deeper, as it rins,  
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sindered young  
I've never seen your face nor heard  
The music o' your tongue;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I dee,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' bygane days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

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### O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLIE?

O, saw ye bonnie Leslie  
As she gaed o'er the border?  
She 's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
And love but her forever;  
For nature made her what she is,  
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie,  
Thy subjects we, before thee;  
Thou art divine, fair Leslie,  
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee;

He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee;  
Misfortune sha' na steer\* thee;  
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie,  
Return to Caledonie!  
That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie.

ROBERT BURNS.

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### THE RUSTIC LAD'S LAMENT IN THE TOWN.

O, wad that my time were owre but,  
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,  
That I might see our house again,  
I' the bonnie birken shaw!  
For this is no my ain life,  
And I peak and pine away  
Wi' the thochts o' hame and the young flowers,  
In the glad green month of May.

I used to wauk in the morning  
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,  
And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,  
As they gaed to their wark;  
I used to wear the bit young lambs  
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;

\* Harm.

But the world is changed, and a' thing now  
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me,  
On ilka lang dull street;  
Yet, though sae mony surround me,  
I ken na ane I meet:  
And I think o' kind kent faces,  
And o' blithe an' cheery days,  
When I wandered out wi' our ain folk,  
Out owre the simmer braes.

Waes me, for my heart is breaking!  
I think o' my brither sma',  
And on my sister greeting,  
When I cam frae hame awa.  
And O, how my mither sobbit,  
As she shook me by the hand,  
When I left the door o' our auld house,  
To come to this stranger land.

There's nae hame like our ain hame—  
O, I wush that I were there!  
There's nae hame like our ain hame  
To be met wi' onywhere;  
And O that I were back again,  
To our farm and fields sae green;  
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,  
And were what I hae been!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

## ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,  
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more  
near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessèd time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, belovèd one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy  
strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time; and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o’ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

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### ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT’S this dull town to me?  
Robin’s not near,—  
He whom I wished to see,  
Wished for to hear;  
Where’s all the joy and mirth  
Made life a heaven on earth,  
O, they’re all fled with thee,  
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?  
Robin Adair:  
What made the ball so fine?  
Robin was there:  
What, when the play was o’er,  
What made my heart so sore?







O, it was parting with  
Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,  
Robin Adair;  
But now I never see  
Robin Adair;  
Yet him I loved so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell;  
O, I can ne'er forget  
Robin Adair!

Welcome on shore again,  
Robin Adair!  
Welcome once more again,  
Robin Adair!  
I feel thy trembling hand;  
Tears in thy eyelids stand,  
To greet thy native land,  
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,  
Robin Adair;  
Still I prayed for thee, love,  
Robin Adair;  
When thou wert far at sea,  
Many made love to me,  
But still I thought on thee,  
Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,  
Robin Adair;

Never to part again,  
Robin Adair;  
And if thou still art true,  
I will be constant too,  
And will wed none but you,  
Robin Adair!

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

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### DAISY.

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea;  
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,  
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,  
Breast-deep mid flower and spine:  
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,  
Nor knew her own sweet way;

But there 's never á bird, so sweet a song  
Thronged in whose throat that day!

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington  
On the turf and on the sprays;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!  
She gave me tokens three:—  
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—strings of sand!  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end:  
Their scent survives their close,  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,  
Then went her sunshine way:—  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,  
She went and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad;  
At all the sadness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan;  
For we are born in others' pain,  
And perish in our own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

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### SONG OF EGLA.

Day, in melting purple dying;  
Blossoms, all around me sighing;  
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;  
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;  
Ye but waken my distress;  
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,  
Come, ere night around me darken;

Though thy softness but deceive me,  
 Say thou 'rt true, and I'll believe thee;  
     Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
     Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;  
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure;  
 Let the shining ore lie darkling,—  
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;  
     Gifts and gold are naught to me,  
     I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
 Ecstasy but in revealing;  
 Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
 Rapture in participation;  
     Yet but torture, if compest  
     In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!  
 Let these eyes again caress thee.  
 Once in caution, I could fly thee;  
 Now, I nothing could deny thee.  
     In a look if death there be,  
     Come, and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (*Maria del Occidente*).

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## WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?  
 What ails this watery ee?  
 What gars me a' turn pale as death  
 When I take leave o' thee?

When thou art far awa',  
 Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;  
 But change o' place and change o' folk  
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,  
 Or walk at morning air,  
 Ilk rustling bush will seem to say  
 I used to meet thee there:  
 Then I 'll sit down and cry,  
 And live aneath the tree,  
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,  
 I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower  
 That thou wi' roses tied,  
 And where wi' mony a blushing bud  
 I strove myself to hide.  
 I 'll doat on ilka spot  
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee;  
 And ca' to mind some kindly word  
 By ilka burn and tree.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

### LOVE'S MEMORY.

FROM "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL," ACT I.

SC. I.

I AM undone: there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me:



In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
 Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table,—heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ABSENCE.

WHEN I think on the happy days  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie;  
 And now what lands between us lie,  
 How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary!  
 It was na sae ye glinted by  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

ANONYMOUS.

## THINKIN' LONG.

OH thinkin' long 's the weary work!  
 It breaks my heart from dawn  
 Till all the wee, wee, friendly stars  
 Come out at dayli'gone.

An' thinkin' long 's the weary work,  
When I must spin and spin,  
To drive the fearsome fancies out,  
An' hold the hopeful in!

Ah, sure my lad is far away!  
My lad who left our glen  
When from the soul of Ireland came  
A call for fightin' men;  
I miss his gray eyes glancin' bright,  
I miss his liltin' song,  
And that is why, the lonesome day,  
I'm always thinkin' long.

May God's kind angels guard him  
When the fray is fierce and grim,  
And blunt the point of every sword  
That turns its hate on him,  
Where round the torn yet dear green flag  
The brave and lovin' throng—  
But the lasses of Glenwherry smile  
At me for thinkin' long.

ANNA MACMANUS (*Ethna Carbery*).

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“TEARS, IDLE TEARS.”

FROM “THE PRINCESS.”

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under world;  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge,—  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love and wild with all regret,—  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-  
days;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cro-  
nies;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have  
left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

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### COME TO ME, DEAREST.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,  
Daytime and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;  
Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee;  
Unwelcomè the waking which ceases to fold thee.  
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,  
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;

And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,  
 Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.  
 O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,  
 Shine out on my soul, till it burgeon and blossom;  
 The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,  
 And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even;  
 Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;  
 Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,  
 Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;  
 Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,  
 Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;—  
 O, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming  
 Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;  
 Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?  
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,  
 As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love:  
 I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,  
 You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;  
 I would not die without you at my side, love,  
 You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,  
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;  
 Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I  
 speak, love,

With a song on your lip and a smile on your  
cheek, love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,—  
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary,—  
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,  
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

JOSEPH BREMAN.

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### THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without  
thee:

Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.  
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,  
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy  
staying,  
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends,  
though dear,  
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying  
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee  
here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,  
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell;  
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,  
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow  
stronger,  
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!

How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!  
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I shall grieve not, though the eye that seeth  
me  
Gazeth through tears that makes its splendor  
dull;  
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,  
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwell-  
ing,  
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!  
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swell-  
ing,  
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

ANONYMOUS.

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### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

#### NEGRO SONG.

THE sun shines bright on our old Kentucky home;  
'T is summer, the darkeys are gay;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the  
bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy, all bright;  
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the  
door,—  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

## CHORUS.

*Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!  
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.*

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door;  
The day goes by, like the shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come, when the darkeys have to  
part,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

*Weep no more, my lady, etc.*

The head must bow, and the back will have to  
bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,  
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;  
A few more days to tote the weary load,  
No matter, it will never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

*Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no more to-day!  
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For our old Kentucky home far away.*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.



## OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,  
 Far, far away,  
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
 Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
 All up and down de whole creation  
 Sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for de old plantation,  
 And for de old folks at home.

*All de world am sad and dreary,  
 Ebery where I roam;  
 Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows  
 weary,  
 Far from de old folks at home!*

All round de little farm I wandered  
 When I was young,  
 Den many happy days I squandered,  
 Many de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing wid my brudder  
 Happy was I;  
 Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!  
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
 One dat I love,  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove.  
 When will I see de bees a-humming  
 All round de comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
Down in my good old home?

*All de world am sad and dreary,  
Ebery where I roam;  
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows  
weary,  
Far from de old folks at home!*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

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### THE PRESENT GOOD.

FROM "THE TASK," BOOK VI.

Not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### III. ADVERSITY.

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MAN.

IN his own image the Creator made,  
His own pure sunbeam quickened thee, O man!  
Thou breathing dial! since the day began  
The present hour was ever marked with shade!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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### THE WORLD.

THE World's a bubble, and the Life of Man  
Less than a span:  
In his conception wretched, from the womb,  
So to the tomb;  
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years  
With cares and fears.  
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.  
  
Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,  
What life is best?  
Courts are but only superficial schools  
To dandle fools:

The rural parts are turned into a den  
Of savage men:  
And where's a city from foul vice so free,  
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
Or pains his head:  
Those that live single, take it for a curse,  
Or do things worse:  
Some would have children: those that have them,  
moan  
Or wish them gone:  
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,  
But single thralldom, or a double strife?

Our own affection still at home to please  
Is a disease:  
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
Peril and toil:  
Wars with their noise affright us; when they  
cease,  
We are worse in peace;—  
What then remains, but that we still should cry  
For being born, or, being born, to die?

FRANCIS, LORD BACON.

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### MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales!  
The saddest of your tales  
Is not so sad as life;

Nor have you e'er began  
A theme so wild as man,  
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!  
Autumn sears not like grief,  
Nor kills such lovely flowers;  
More terrible the storm,  
More mournful the deform,  
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,  
Silence, ye vocal choir,  
And thou, mellifluous lute,  
For man soon breathes his last,  
And all his hope is past,  
And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,  
And when the leaves are dying,  
And when the song is o'er,  
O, let us think of those  
Whose lives are lost in woes,  
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

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#### THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend  
The least delight:  
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,  
They are so slight:

Thy morning pleasures make an end  
    To please at night :  
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,  
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st  
With heaven: fond earth, thou boasts; false  
    world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales  
    Of endless treasure;  
Thy bounty offers easy sales  
    Of lasting pleasure;  
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,  
    And swear'st to ease her;  
There's none can want where thou supply'st;  
There's none can give where thou deny'st.  
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou  
    ly'st.

What well-advisèd ear regards  
    What earth can say?  
Thy words are gold, but thy regards  
    Are painted clay:  
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,  
    Thou canst not play:  
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;  
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world,  
    thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint  
    Of new-coined treasure;  
A paradise, that has no stint,  
    No change, no measure;

A painted cask, but nothing in 't,  
Nor wealth, nor pleasure :  
Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st  
With man ; vain man ! that thou rely'st  
On earth ; vain man, thou dot'st ; vain earth,  
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,  
To haberdash  
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure  
Is dross and trash ?  
The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
Is but a flash ?  
Are these the goods that thou supply'st  
Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?  
Can these bring cordial peace ? false world, thou  
ly'st.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

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BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT II. SC. 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere  
folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE WAIL OF PROMETHEUS BOUND.

FROM "PROMETHEUS."

O HOLY Æther, and swift-winged Winds,  
And River-wells, and laughter innumerable  
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,  
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you,—  
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!

Behold, with throe on throe,

How, wasted by this woe,

I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!

Behold, how fast around me

The new King of the happy ones sublime







Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and  
bound me!

Woe, -woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's  
I cover with one groan. And where is found me  
A limit to these sorrows?

And yet what word do I say? I have fore-  
known

Clearly all things that should be; nothing done  
Comes sudden to my soul—and I must bear  
What is ordained with patience, being aware  
Necessity doth front the universe  
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse  
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave  
In silence or in speech. Because I gave  
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul  
To this compelling fate. Because I stole  
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went  
Over the ferrule's brim, and manward sent  
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,  
That sin I expiate in this agony,  
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.

Ah, ah me! what a sound,

What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen  
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,  
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her  
bound,

To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon ob-  
tain—

Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!

The god Zeus hateth sore,

And his gods hate again,

As many as tread on his glorified floor,  
Because I loved mortals too much evermore.

Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,  
As of birds flying near!  
And the air undersings  
The light stroke of their wings—  
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

From the Greek of ÆSCHYLUS.

Translation of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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### SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

FROM "SAMSON AGONISTES."

O LOSS of sight, of thee I must complain!  
Blind among enemies, O, worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief have  
eased.

Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:  
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of moon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day!

MILTON.

## LINES.

[Written in the Tower, the night before his probably unjust execution for treason.]

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.  
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,  
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,  
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.  
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought for death and found it in the wombe,  
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,  
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tombe,  
And now I die, and now I am but made.  
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;  
And now I live, and now my life is done!

CHEDIACK TICHEBORNE.

## HENCE, ALL YE VAIN DELIGHTS.

FROM "THE NICE VALOUR," ACT III. SC. 3.

HENCE, all ye vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's naught in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't  
But only melancholy,  
O, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

JOHN FLETCHER.

## THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

FROM "KING HENRY VIII.," ACT III. SC. 2.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well;

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.  
Serve the king; and—pr'ythee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-  
well!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

. . . . .

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.



## THE APPROACH OF AGE.

FROM "TALES OF THE HALL."

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,  
When Time began to play his usual tricks:  
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,  
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching  
white;

The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,  
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.  
I rode or walked as I was wont before,  
But now the bounding spirit was no more;  
A moderate pace would now my body heat,  
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.  
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,  
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."  
At a friend's mansion I began to dread  
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;  
At home I felt a more decided taste,  
And must have all things in my order placed.  
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less,—  
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.  
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute  
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.  
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,  
And blessed the shower that gave me not to  
choose.

In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;  
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;  
Small daily actions into habits grew,  
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.

I loved my trees in order to dispose;  
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;  
Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

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### STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light:  
The breath of the moist air is light  
Around its unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight,—  
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',—  
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore  
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:  
I sit upon the sands alone;  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion,—  
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,

Nor that Content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned,—  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
Others I see whom these surround;  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan;  
They might lament,—for I am one  
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory  
yet.

PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

[Written in the spring of 1819, when suffering from physical depression, the precursor of his death, which happened soon after.]

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :  
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt  
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stainèd mouth,—  
That I might drink, and leave the world un-  
seen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and  
dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful Death.

Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,

In such an ecstasy!—

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in  
vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for  
home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

## PERISHED.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

WAVE after wave of greenness rolling down  
 From mountain top to base, a whispering sea  
 Of affluent leaves through which the viewless  
     breeze

Murmurs mysteriously.

And towering up amid the lesser throng,  
 A giant oak, so desolately grand,  
 Stretches its gray imploring arms to heaven  
     In agonized demand.

Smitten by lightning from a summer sky,  
 Or bearing in its heart a slow decay,  
 What matter, since inexorable fate  
     Is pitiless to slay.

Ah, wayward soul, hedged in and clothed about,  
 Doth not thy life's lost hope lift up its head,  
 And, dwarfing present joys, proclaim aloud,—  
     “Look on me, I am dead!”

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

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 BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

“*On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year.*”  
 —MISSOLONGHI, JANUARY 23, 1824.

’T IS time this heart should be unmoved,  
 Since others it has ceased to move:

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone :  
The worm, the canker, and the grief,  
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys  
Is like to some volcanic isle ;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze,—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 't is not *thus*,—and 't is not *here*,  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece about us see ;  
The Spartan borne upon his shield  
Was not more free.

Awake!—not Greece,—she is awake!  
Awake my spirit! think through whom  
Thy life-blood tastes its parent lake,  
And then strike home!



Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood! unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regrettest thy youth,—why live?  
The land of honorable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest!

LORD BYRON.

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### A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze  
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!

They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
    These many days;  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
    O doubting heart!  
The stormy clouds on high  
Veil the same sunny sky  
That soon, for spring is nigh,  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
    Is quenched in night;  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
    O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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### THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—

Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine  
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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### A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
When will return the glory of your prime?  
No more,—O nevermore!

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight:  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar

Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more,—O nevermore!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

---

“WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT  
DIE?”

SPRING it is cheery,  
Winter is dreary,  
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;  
When he's forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,  
What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him,  
Maids will not lip him,  
Maud and Marian pass him by;  
Youth it is sunny,  
Age has no honey,—  
What can an old man do but die?

June it was jolly,  
O for its folly!  
A dancing leg and a laughing eye!  
Youth may be silly,  
Wisdom is chilly,—  
What can an old man do but die?

Friends they are scanty,  
Beggars are plenty,

If he has followers, I know why;  
Gold's in his clutches  
(Buying him crutches!)—  
What can an old man do but die?

THOMAS HOOD.

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### OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm trudging my  
weary way—

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—

I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've  
told,

As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite  
make it clear!

Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid  
queer!

Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,

But this is a sort of journey I never thought to  
go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's  
shame?

Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?

True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;

But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day

To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest  
way;

For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be  
bound,  
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my  
soul—  
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as  
coal;  
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin'  
people say,  
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'T ain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,  
But many a house an' home was open then to  
me;  
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,  
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden  
then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was  
good and smart,  
But he and all the neighbors would own I done  
my part;  
For life was all before me, an' I was young an'  
strong,  
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to  
get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard,  
but gay,  
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our  
way;

Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an'  
neat,  
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to  
eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em  
every one;  
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we  
ought to 've done;  
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good  
folks condemn,  
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to  
them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little  
ones!—  
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died  
for my sons;  
And God he made that rule of love; but when  
we're old and gray,  
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work  
the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls  
was grown,  
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there  
alone;  
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer  
seemed to be,  
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him  
away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe  
or fall—

Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now  
my all;

And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a  
word or frown,

Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife  
from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant  
smile—

She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o'  
style;

But if I ever tried to be friends, I did with her, I  
know;

But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make  
it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;  
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin'  
things too fur;

An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost  
made her sick),

That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rith-  
metic.

So 't was only a few days before the thing was  
done—

They was a family of themselves, and I another  
one;

And a very little cottage one family will do,

But I never have seen a house that was big  
enough for two.



An' I could never speak to suit her, never could  
please her eye,  
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't  
try;  
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a  
blow,  
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I  
could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was  
small,  
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was  
for us all;  
And what with her husband's sisters, and what  
with child'rn three,  
'T was easy to discover that there wasn't room  
for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've  
got,  
For Thomas's buildings'd cover the half of an  
acre lot;  
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand  
their sauce—  
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin'  
there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives  
out West,  
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty  
miles at best;  
And one of 'em said 't was too warm there for any  
one so old,

And t' other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—

So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;

But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,

Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'r'n dear, good by!

Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;

And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray

That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

WILL CARLETON.

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OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,

Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;

Oft I marked him sitting there alone,

All the landscape, like a page perusing;

Poor, unknown,

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat;

Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding;

Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat;  
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding;  
There he sat!  
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,  
None to love him for his thin gray hair,  
And the furrows all so mutely pleading  
Age and care:  
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,  
Dapper country lads and little maidens;  
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"—  
Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—  
"Here 's a fool!"  
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,  
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,  
I remember well, too well, that day!  
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,  
Would not stay  
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,  
O, to me her name was always Heaven!  
She besought him all his grief to tell,  
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)  
Isabel!  
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old;  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;  
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told.”  
Then his eyes betrayed a pearl of sorrow,  
Down it rolled!

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old.

“I have tottered here to look once more  
On the pleasant scene where I delighted  
In the careless, happy days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core:

I have tottered here to look once more.

“All the picture now to me how dear!  
E’en this old gray rock where I am seated,  
Is a jewel worth my journey here;  
Ah that such a scene must be completed  
With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!

“Old stone school-house! it is still the same;  
There’s the very step I so oft mounted;  
There’s the window creaking in its frame,  
And the notches that I cut and counted  
For the game.

Old stone school-house, it is still the same.

“In the cottage yonder I was born;  
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;  
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;  
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling;  
Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder I was born.

“Those two gateway sycamores you see  
Then were planted just so far asunder  
That long well-pole from the path to free,  
And the wagon to pass safely under;  
Ninety-three!

Those two gateway sycamores you see.

“There’s the orchard where we used to climb  
When my mates and I were boys together,  
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,  
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;  
Past its prime!

There’s the orchard where we used to climb.

“There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails,  
Round the pasture where the flocks were graz-  
ing

Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails  
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;  
Traps and trails!

There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails.

“There’s the mill that ground our yellow grain;  
Pond and river still serenely flowing;  
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,  
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—  
Mary Jane!

There’s the mill that ground our yellow grain.

“There’s the gate on which I used to swing,  
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;  
But alas! no more the morn shall bring  
That dear group around my father’s table;  
Taken wing!

There’s the gate on which I used to swing.

“ I am fleeing,—all I loved have fled.  
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;  
That old tree can tell of sweet things said  
When around it Jane and I were straying;  
She is dead!  
I am fleeing;—all I loved have fled.

“ Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
Tracing silently life’s changeful story,  
So familiar to my dim eye,  
Points me to seven that are now in glory  
There on high!  
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

“ Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,  
Guided hither by an angel mother;  
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;  
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,  
Gone to God!  
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

“ There I heard of Wisdom’s pleasant ways;  
Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah, never  
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,  
Those sweet voices silent now forever!  
Peaceful days!  
There I heard of Wisdom’s pleasant ways.

“ There my Mary blessed me with her hand  
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessings,  
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,  
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing;  
Broken band!  
There my Mary blessed me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,  
And the sacred place where we delighted,  
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core!

I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,  
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."  
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,  
Down it rolled!

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;  
Still I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape, like a page, perusing;  
Poor, unknown!

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

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### THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door;  
And again  
The pavement-stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of time  
Cut him down,

Not 'a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
So forlorn;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he had pressed  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady! she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff;  
And a crook is in his back,  
And the melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,



But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches,—and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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### THE LAST LEAF.

YA PEREZHIL SVOÏ ZHELANYA.

I 've overlived aspirings,  
My fancies I disdain;  
The fruit of hollow-heartedness,  
Sufferings alone remain.

'Neath cruel storms of Fate  
With my crown of bay,  
A sad and lonely life I lead,  
Waiting my latest day.

Thus, struck by latter cold  
While howls the wintry wind,  
Trembles upon the naked bough  
The last leaf left behind.

From the Russian of ALEKSANDER SERGYEVICH POUCHKIN.

Translation of JOHN POLLEN.

## THE OLD VAGABOND.

HERE in the ditch my bones I 'll lay;  
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.  
"He's drunk," the passing crowd will say;  
'T is well, for none will need to grieve.  
Some turn their scornful heads away,  
Some fling an alms in hurrying by;—  
Haste,—'t is the village holyday!  
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age  
I die; for hunger slays not all.  
I hoped my misery's closing page  
To fold within some hospital;  
But crowded thick is each retreat,  
Such numbers now in misery lie.  
Alas! my cradle was the street!  
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er,  
I've asked, "Instruct me in your trade."  
"Begone!—our business is not more  
Than keeps ourselves,—go, beg!" they said.  
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,  
Of bones your tables gave me store,  
Your straw has often made my bed;—  
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;—  
No!—better still for alms to pray!





At most, I've plucked some apple, left  
To ripen near the public way,  
Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid  
In the king's name, they let me pine;  
They stole the only wealth I had,—  
Though poor and old, the sun, at least, was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?  
What boots to me your corn and wine,  
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,  
The senate where your speakers shine?  
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,  
Saw strangers battenning on your land,  
Like any puling fool, I wept!  
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm,  
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?  
Ah! had you taught me to perform  
Due labor for the common weal!  
Then, sheltered from the adverse wind,  
The worm and ant had learned to grow;  
Ay,—then I might have loved my kind;—  
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!

From the French of PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

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### THE BEGGAR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened  
years;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)  
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
A pampered menial drove me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in the humble shed.

O, take me to your hospitable dome,  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes,—why should we re-  
pine?

'T is Heaven has brought me to the state you  
see:

And your condition may be soon like mine,  
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;  
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter,—once the comfort of my age!  
Lured by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,  
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife,—sweet soother of my care!—  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell,—lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!  
Whose trembling limbs have born him to your  
door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

THOMAS MOSS.

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## A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

THE merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping,  
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,  
Till under their bite and their tread,  
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley  
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing  
On the side of the white chalk bank,  
Where, under the gloom of fire-woods,  
One spot in the lea throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,  
Where rabbit or hare never ran,  
For its black sour haulm covered over  
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God:

"I am long past wailing and whining,  
I have wept too much in my life:  
I've had twenty years of pining  
As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,  
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,  
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's  
For a few more brace of game.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs,  
squire,  
There's blood on your pointer's feet;



There 's blood on the game you sell, squire,  
\* And there 's blood on the game you eat.

“ You have sold the laboring man, squire,  
Both body and soul to shame,  
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,  
And to pay for the feed of your game.

“ You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
When you 'd give neither work nor meat,  
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden  
At our starving children's feet;

“ When, packed in one reeking chamber,  
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;  
While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-bed,  
And the walls let in the day;

“ When we lay in the burning fever,  
On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,  
At the cursèd workhouse door.

“ We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?  
What self-respect could we keep,  
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,  
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

“ Our daughters, with base-born babies,  
Have wandered away in their shame;  
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,  
Your misses might do the same.

“Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking,  
With handfuls of coals and rice,  
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting  
A little below cost price?

“You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments and schools,  
But you’ve run up a debt that will never  
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

“In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark and dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout, and madness  
Are eating your race away;

“When to kennels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughters’ bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

“When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,  
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.”

She looked at the tuft of clover,  
And wept till her heart grew light;  
And at last, when her passion was over,  
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the uplands still,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## “THEY ARE DEAR FISH TO ME.”

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,  
A pleasant sight to see;  
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns  
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,  
A poor fish-wife came by,  
And, turning from the toilsome road,  
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,  
And spread its scaly store;  
With trembling hands and pleading words,  
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,  
“We're no sae scarce o' cheer;  
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways,—  
I'll buy nae fish sae dear.”

Bending beneath her load again,  
A weary sight to see;  
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife,  
“They are dear fish to me!

“Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,  
And when the storm blew o'er,  
My husband, and my three brave sons,  
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,  
A childless widow three;  
I maun buy them now to sell again,—  
They are dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door,—  
What was 't upon her cheek?  
What was there rising in her breast,  
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,  
Her lightsome laddies three;  
The woman's words had pierced her heart,—  
"They are dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,  
And pity's gathering tear;  
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,  
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,  
Your weary lot to dree;  
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:  
'They are dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn  
To pause ere they deny  
The meed of honest toil, and think  
How much their gold may buy,—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,  
What woman's misery,—  
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:  
"They are dear fish to me!"

ANONYMOUS.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN,  
MOTHER.

## THE IRISH FAMINE.

GIVE me three grains of corn, mother,—  
Only three grains of corn;  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,—  
Dying of hunger and cold;  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,—  
A wolf that is fierce for blood;  
All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
Gnawing for lack of food.  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was heaven to see;  
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me,

How could I look to you, mother,—  
How could I look to you  
For bread to give to your starving boy,  
When you were starving too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eyes so wild,  
And I felt it in your bony hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,—  
The Queen has lands and gold,  
While you are forced to your empty breast  
A skeleton babe to hold,—  
A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
As I am dying now,  
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,—  
What has poor Ireland done,  
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
Perishing one by one?  
Do the men of England care not, mother,—  
The great men and the high,—  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
Dying of want and cold,  
While only across the Channel, mother,  
Are many that roll in gold;  
There are rich and proud men there, mother,  
With wondrous wealth to view,  
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night  
Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly, as you held  
My father when *he* died;  
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is almost gone;

Mother! dear mother! ere I die,  
Give me three grains of corn.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.

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### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work! work! work  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It’s, O, to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work—work—work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,—  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

“ O men with sisters dear!  
O men with mothers and wives!  
It is no linen you ’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives!  
Stitch! stitch! stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

“ But why do I talk of death,—  
That phantom of grisly bone?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own,—  
It seems so like my own  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“ Work—work—work  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags,  
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“ Work—work—work  
From weary chime to chime!  
Work—work—work  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,—







Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work  
In the dull December light!  
And work—work—work—  
When the weather is warm and bright!  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the Spring.

“O, but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet!  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“O but for one short hour,—  
A respite, however brief!  
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread,—  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—  
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

THOMAS HOOD.

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### THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE 's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round  
 trot,—  
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no  
 springs;  
 And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings;  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none,  
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he's  
 gone,—  
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:  
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*  
*He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and  
 din!  
 The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they  
 spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is  
hurled!

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach

To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!

He's taking a drive in his carriage at last!

But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,  
veiled,

Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!

And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid  
low,

You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to  
go!

*Rattle his bones over the stones!*

*He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!*

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,

To think that a heart in humanity clad

Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,

And depart from the light without leaving a  
friend!

*Bear soft his bones over the stones!*

*Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker  
yet owns!*

THOMAS NOEL.

## UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
'T was near the twilight-tide,  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,  
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,  
And Honor charmed the air;  
And all astir looked kind on her,  
And called her good as fair,—  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true,  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woo,—  
But honored well are charms to sell  
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—  
A slight girl, lily-pale;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail,—  
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray;

For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way!—  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven  
By man is cursed away!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

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### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and the earth below!  
Over the house-tops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet,  
Dancing,  
Flirting,  
Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!  
Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by,  
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;  
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song!  
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,—  
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!

    Ringing,

    Swinging,

    Dashing they go

Over the crest of the beautiful snow:  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;  
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of  
    feet  
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snows,—but I fell:  
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell:  
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street:  
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

    Pleading,

    Cursing,

    Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—  
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.

    Father,

    Mother,

    Sisters all,



God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.  
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
 Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;  
 For all that is on or about me, I know  
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful  
     snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!  
 How strange it would be, when the night comes  
     again,

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
 To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;  
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

JAMES W. WATSON.

### LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood, one Sunday morning,  
 Before a large church door,  
 The congregation gathered,  
 And carriages a score,—  
 From one out stepped a lady  
 I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,  
 And held a vinaigrette;

The sign of man's redemption  
Clear on the book was set,—  
But above the cross there glistened  
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle  
The inner door flung wide;  
Lightly, as up a ball-room,  
Her footsteps seemed to glide,—  
There might be good thoughts in her,  
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman  
Peeped wistfully within,  
On whose wan face was graven  
Life's hardest discipline,—  
The trace of the sad trinity  
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded  
Where she could rest and pray;  
With her worn garb contrasted  
Each side in fair array,—  
“God's house holds no poor sinners,”  
She sighed, and crept away.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,  
LORD HOUGHTON.

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### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

“Drowned! drowned!”—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,

Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements,  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly,—  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—  
One of Eve's family,—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,—  
Her fair auburn tresses,—  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
O, it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed,—  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,

She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black floating river;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it!  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly!  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,

Staring so blindly!  
Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest!  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

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### GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY? .

SHE stood at the bar of justice,  
A creature wan and wild,  
In form too small for a woman,  
In feature too old for a child.  
For a look so worn and pathetic  
Was stamped on her pale young face,  
It seemed long years of suffering  
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her  
With kindly look, yet keen,  
"Is—?" "Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."  
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."  
"Well, Mary—" And then from a paper  
He slowly and gravely read,  
"You are charged here—I am sorry to say it—  
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,  
And I hope that you can show  
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,  
Are you guilty of this, or no?"  
A passionate burst of weeping  
Was at first her sole reply;  
But she dried her tears in a moment,  
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;  
My father and mother are dead,  
And my little brothers and sisters  
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.  
At first I earned it for them  
By working hard all day,  
But somehow the times were hard, sir,  
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;  
The weather was bitter cold;  
The young ones cried and shivered  
(Little Johnnie's but four years old).  
So what was I to do, sir?  
I am guilty, but do not condemn;

I *took*—oh, was it *stealing*?—  
The bread to give to them.”

Every man in the court-room—  
Graybeard and thoughtless youth—  
Knew, as he looked upon her,  
That the prisoner spake the truth.  
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,  
Out from their eyes sprang tears,  
And out from the old faded wallets  
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge’s face was a study,  
The strangest you ever saw,  
As he cleared his throat and murmured  
*Something* about the *law*.  
For one so learned in such matters,  
So wise in dealing with men,  
He seemed on a simple question  
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered,  
When at last these words they heard,  
“The sentence of this young prisoner  
Is for the present deferred.”  
And no one blamed him, or wondered,  
When he went to her and smiled,  
And tenderly led from the court-room,  
Himself, the “guilty” child.

ANONYMOUS.



## THE FEMALE CONVICT.

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood  
Made her wish only for solitude:  
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,  
For innermost shame, on another's to look;  
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear  
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—  
She still was young, and she had been fair;  
But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care,  
That frost and fever that wear the heart,  
Had made the colors of youth depart  
From the sallow cheek, save over it came  
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea-foam,  
Far from her country, far from her home;  
And all she had left for her friends to keep  
Was a name to hide and a memory to weep!  
And her future held forth but the felon's lot,—  
To live forsaken, to die forgot!  
She could not weep, and she could not pray,  
But she wasted and withered from day to day,  
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,  
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;  
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye  
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place,  
A strange, wild look was upon her face,  
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,  
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,

And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone,—  
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!—  
“I had last night the loveliest dream:  
My own land shone in the summer beam,  
I saw the fields of the golden grain,  
I heard the reaper’s harvest strain;  
There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,  
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.  
A long and a weary way I had come;  
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet  
home.  
I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,  
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!  
The Bible lay open upon his knee,  
But he closed the book to welcome me.  
He led me next where my mother lay,  
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,  
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,  
For it echoed one to my young days dear.  
This dream has waked feelings long, long since  
fled,  
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!  
—We have not spoken, but still I have hung  
On the Northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.  
To me they are music, to me they recall  
The things long hidden by Memory’s pall!  
Take this long curl of yellow hair,  
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,  
My dying prayer, was for him.” . . .

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay;  
They raised it up, and like a dirge





The heavy gale swept over the surge;  
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave,—  
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

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## HOPELESS GRIEF.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless,—  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
Beat upwards to God's throne in loud access  
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,  
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare  
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man, ex-  
press  
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death;  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,  
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Touch it: the marble eyelids are not wet—  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IV.  
COMFORT AND CHEER.

---

TO MYSELF.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still;  
What God hath ordered must be right;  
Then find in it thine own delight,  
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart?  
*One* watches all with care most true;  
Doubt not that he will give thee too  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favor,  
But rest:  
Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all his creatures, so for thee,  
The best.

From the German of PAUL FLEMING.  
Translation of CATHERINE WINKWORTH.  
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## THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart  
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone  
Quite underground; as flowers depart  
To see their mother root, when they have blown;  
Where they together  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,  
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell  
And up to heaven in an houre;  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
We say amisse  
This or that is:  
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
Fast in thy paradise, where no flower can wither!  
Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groning thither;  
Nor doth my flower  
Want a spring-showre,  
My sinnes and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,  
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline:  
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn,  
When thou dost turn,  
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again;  
After so many deaths I live and write;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing: O my only light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom thy tempests fell all night!

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,  
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;  
Which when we once can finde and prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.  
Who would be more,  
Swelling through store,  
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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SONNET.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, this three years' day, these eyes, though  
clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot:



Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or stars, throughout the year,  
Or man or woman, yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's  
vain mask,  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

MILTON.

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### INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,

I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

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### AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:  
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;  
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
From the fond recollections of former years;  
And shadows of things that have long since fled  
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead,—  
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;  
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;  
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;  
Companions of early days lost or left;  
And my native land, whose magical name  
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;  
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my  
prime;  
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous  
time  
When the feelings were young, and the world was  
new,  
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;  
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!  
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,  
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,  
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—

With that sadness of heart which no stranger may  
scan,  
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side!  
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and  
strife,  
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,  
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,  
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and  
folly,  
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;  
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh,—  
O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
Afar in the desert alone to ride!  
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—  
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
Away, away from the dwellings of men,  
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;  
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest  
graze,  
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline  
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild  
vine;

Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,  
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry  
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;  
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh  
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;  
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;  
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,  
Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view  
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
Away, away, in the wilderness vast  
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,  
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan  
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan,—  
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandoned from famine and  
fear;  
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;  
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;

And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,  
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;  
A region of drought, where no river glides,  
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;  
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,  
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;  
But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
And the blank horizon, round and round,  
Spread,—void of living sight or sound.  
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,  
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
“A still small voice” comes through the wild  
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
Saying,—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

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SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS EVER  
GOING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;  
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing  
In current unperceived, because so fleet;  
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,—  
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;  
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,—

And still, O, still their dying breath is sweet;  
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us  
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;  
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us  
A nearer good to cure an older ill;  
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize  
    them,  
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or  
denies them!

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

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### MY WIFE AND CHILD.\*

THE tattoo beats,—the lights are gone,  
The camp around in slumber lies,  
The night with solemn pace moves on,  
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;  
But sleep my weary eyes bath flown,  
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,  
Whose love my early life hath blest—  
Of thee and him—our baby son—  
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.  
God of the tender, frail, and lone,  
O, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near  
To her whose watchful eye is wet,—

\* Written in the year 1846, in Mexico, the author being at that time Colonel of the 1st Regiment Georgia Volunteers.

To mother, wife,—the doubly dear,  
In whose young heart have freshly met  
Two streams of love so deep and clear,  
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne,  
O, teach her, Ruler of the skies,  
That, while by thy behest alone  
Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise,  
No tear is wept to thee unknown,  
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands  
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;  
That only by thy stern commands  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;  
That from the distant sea or land  
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone  
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,  
May happier visions beam upon  
The brightened current of her breast,  
No frowning look or angry tone  
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate these forms may show,  
Loved with a passion almost wild,  
By day, by night, in joy or woe,  
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,  
From every danger, every foe,  
O God, protect my wife and child!

HENRY R. JACKSON.

## THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again;  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;  
Times go by turns and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.



The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
Her time hath equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,  
No endless night yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,  
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

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### COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the eye  
That smarted for a day;  
Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendors of the sky  
The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door  
That promises release;  
No solitude so drear but yields its store  
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun  
    With love and power untold;  
No time so dark but through its woof there run  
    Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost centuries  
    burn  
    In changing calm and strife  
The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er we turn,—  
    The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme! O Providence divine!  
    What self-adjusting springs  
Of law and life, what even scales, are thine,  
    What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys, that flit like birds away,  
    When chilling autumn blows,  
But come again, long ere the buds of May  
    Their rosy lips uncloze!

What wondrous play of mood and accident  
    Through shifting days and years;  
What fresh returns of vigor overspent  
    In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience and of thought  
    When doubts and forms oppress;  
What vistas opening to the gates we sought  
    Beyond the wilderness;

Beyond the narrow cells, where self-involved,  
    Like chrysalids, we wait

The unknown births, the mysteries unsolved  
Of death and change and fate!

O Light divine! we need no fuller test  
That all is ordered well;  
We know enough to trust that all is best  
Where love and wisdom dwell.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

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### THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,  
Although it knew and loved the better part,  
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,  
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me,  
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,  
It seemed as if I never could be sure  
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might  
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"  
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,  
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

"Far heavier its weight must surely be  
Than those of others which I daily see;  
Oh! if I might another burden choose,  
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reigned on all around,  
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;

The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,  
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause,—and then a heavenly light  
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;  
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,  
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,  
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,  
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,  
And, "Follow me," he said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above,  
And there, beneath a canopy of love,  
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,  
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,—  
A little one, with jewels set in gold.  
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort wear,  
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little cross I quickly took,  
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;  
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,  
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,  
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;  
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,  
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,  
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.  
Wondering, I gazed,—and still I wondered more,  
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see  
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;  
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;  
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,—  
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;  
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,  
As my Guide gently said, "No cross,—no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart;  
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;  
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;  
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,  
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet;  
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,  
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,  
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—  
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,  
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,  
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—

The only one, of all the many there,  
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,  
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;  
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,  
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be,  
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!  
No longer could I unbelieving say  
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,  
That he who knows me best should choose for me;  
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,  
I'll trust it's best,—because he knows the end.

HON. MRS. CHARLES HOBART.

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### SOMETHING BEYOND.

SOMETHING beyond! though now, with joy un-  
found,

The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,  
Be brave, be patient! In the fair beyond  
Thou 'lt understand.

Thou 'lt understand why our most royal hours  
Couch sorrowful slaves bound by low nature's  
greed;  
Why the celestial soul's a minion made  
To narrowest need.

In this pent sphere of being incomplete,  
The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole,  
For yon rare regions, where the perfect meet,  
Sighs the lone soul.

Sighs for the perfect! Far and fair it lies;  
It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,  
No partial insights, no averted eyes,  
No loves unmeet.

Something beyond! Light for our clouded eyes!  
In this dark dwelling, in its shrouded beams,  
Our best waits masked, few pierce the soul's disguise;  
How sad it seems!

Something beyond! Ah, if it were not so,  
Darker would be thy face, O brief To-day;  
Earthward we'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,  
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond! The immortal morning  
stands  
Above the night; clear shines her precious  
brow;  
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands  
Brightens the Now.

MARY CLEMMER AMES HUDSON.

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### DESPONDENCY REBUKED.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,

The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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### GOD'S SURE HELP IN SORROW.

LEAVE all to God,  
Forsaken one, and stay thy tears;  
For the Highest knows thy pain,  
Sees thy sufferings and thy fears;  
Thou shalt not wait his help in vain;  
Leave all to God!

Be still and trust!  
For his strokes are strokes of love,  
Thou must for thy profit bear;



He thy filial fear would move,  
Trust thy Fátther's loving care,  
Be still and trust!

Know, God is near!  
Though thou think him far away,  
Though his mercy long have slept,  
He will come and not delay,  
When his child enough hath wept,  
For God is near!

Oh, teach him not  
When and how to hear thy prayers;  
Never doth our God forget;  
He the cross who longest bears  
Finds his sorrows' bounds are set;  
Then teach him not!

If thou love him,  
Walking truly in his ways,  
Then no trouble, cross, or death  
E'er shall silence faith and praise;  
All things serve thee here beneath,  
If thou love God.

From the German of

ANTON ULRICH, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, 1667.

Translation of CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855.

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### SONNET.

WHILE yet these tears have power to flow  
For hours for ever past away;  
While yet these swelling sighs allow  
My faltering voice to breathe a lay;

While yet my hand can touch the chords,  
My tender lute, to wake thy tone;  
While yet my mind no thought affords,  
But one remembered dream alone,  
I ask not death, whate'er my state:  
But when my eyes can weep no more,  
My voice is lost, my hand untrue,  
And when my spirit's fire is o'er,  
Nor can express the love it knew,  
Come, Death, and cast thy shadows o'er my fate!

From the French of LOUISE LABÉ.

Translation of LOUISE STUART COSTELLO.

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### WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner' up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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#### AUNT PHILLIS'S GUEST.

ST. HELENA ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN 1863.

I WAS young and "Harry" was strong,  
The summer was bursting from sky and plain,  
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along,—  
When a picture flashed, and I dropped the rein.

A black sea-creek, with snaky run  
Slipping through low green leagues of sedge,  
An ebbing tide, and a setting sun;  
A hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent and her wool was gray;  
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;  
Children were buried and sold away,—  
The Freedom had come to the last of a race!

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;  
And praised the Lord, if "the pain" passed by;  
From the earthen floor the smoke curled out  
Through shingles patched with the bright blue  
sky.

"Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone?"  
I asked, and pitied the gray old head;  
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,  
"Me and Jesus, Massa," she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow  
With a presence I had not seen before;  
The air was full of a music low,  
And the Guest Divine stood at the door!

Ay, it was true that the Lord of Life,  
Who seeth the widow give her mite,  
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,  
And shown himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,  
The grovelling want and the darkened mind,—  
I looked on this; but the Lord, within:  
I would what he saw was in me to find!

A childlike soul, whose faith had force  
To see what the angels see in bliss:  
She lived, and the Lord lived; so, of course,  
They lived together,—she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised  
As something to pity, so poor and low,

Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized  
He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that life was done:  
A few more days of the hut's unrest,  
A little while longer to sit in the sun,—  
Then--He would be host, and she would be guest!

And up above, if an angel of light  
Should stop on his errand of love some day  
To ask, "Who lives in the mansion bright?"  
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, does it seem?  
And things are not as Aunt Phillises dream?

Friend, surely so!

For this I know,—

That our faiths are foolish by falling below,  
Not coming above, what God will show;  
That his commonest thing hides a wonder vast,  
To whose beauty our eyes have never passed;  
That his face in the present, or in the to-be,  
Outshines the best that we think we see.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN  
DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is  
kind,  
And bear ye a' life's changes, wi' a calm and tran-  
quil mind.

III—16

Though pressed and hemmed on every side, ha'e  
faith and ye'll win through,  
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crost in love, as whiles  
nae doubt ye've been,  
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart or tears flow  
frae your een,  
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in  
store for you,  
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and  
cloudless sky  
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and  
dry,  
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure  
spring anew,  
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel  
owre proud and hie,  
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae  
poortith's ee,  
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na  
whence or hoo,  
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

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### UNCHANGING.

IN early days methought that all must last;  
Then I beheld all changing, dying, fleeting;

But though my soul now grieves for much that's  
past,

And changeful fortunes set my heart oft beating,

I yet believe in mind that all will last,

Because the old in new I still am meeting.

From the German of

FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON BODENSTEDT.

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### I HOLD STILL.

PAIN's furnace heat within me quivers,

God's breath upon the flame doth blow,

And all my heart in anguish shivers,

And trembles at the fiery glow:

And yet I whisper, As God will!

And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,

On the hard anvil, minded so

Into his own fair shape to beat it

With his great hammer, blow on blow:

And yet I whisper, As God will!

And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,—

The sparks fly off at every blow;

He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,

And lets it cool, and makes it glow:

And yet I whisper, As God will!

And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow

Thus only longer-lived would be;

Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,  
When God has done his work in me;  
So I say, trusting, As God will!  
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely  
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,  
And all his heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted by a Master-hand:  
So I say, praying, As God will!  
And hope in him, and suffer still.

From the German of JULIUS STURM.

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### THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits  
Honor or wealth with all his worth and pains!  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits.  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

---

For shame, dear Friend; renounce this canting  
strain!  
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?  
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—  
Or throne of corpses which his sword has slain?  
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man? three treasures,—love, and  
light,



And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and  
night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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### WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

SOMEWHERE, out on the blue seas sailing,  
Where the winds dance and spin;  
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,  
Over the breakers' din;  
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,  
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,  
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,  
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,  
Day after weary day;  
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,  
While the long nights ebb'd away;  
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,  
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,  
Could I but know where the winds had lost her,  
Out in the twilight gray!

But though the storms her course have altered,  
Surely the port she'll win;  
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,  
I know she is coming in.  
For through the restless ways of her roaming,  
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,

Through the white crest of the billows combing,  
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,  
Swiftly she 's coming in;  
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,  
Bravely she 's coming in;  
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,  
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,  
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,  
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,  
See, where my ship comes in;  
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,  
Proudly she 's sailing in;  
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,  
Music will welcome her glad appearing,  
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,  
When my ship comes in.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

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### NEVER DESPAIR.\*

NEVER despair! Let the feeble in spirit  
Bow like the willow that stoops to the blast.  
Droop not in peril! 'T is manhood's true merit  
Nobly to struggle and hope to the last.

\* These lines were sent to me by William Smith O'Brien, the evening of Monday, October 8, 1848, the day on which sentence of death was passed upon him.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

October 12, 1848.

When by the sunshine of fortune forsaken  
 Faint sinks the heart of the feeble with fear,  
 Stand like the oak of the forest—unshaken,  
 Never despair—Boys—oh! never despair.

Never despair! Though adversity rages,  
 Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore,  
 Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages,  
 Stem the rude torrent till danger is o'er.  
 Fate with its whirlwind our joys may all sever,  
 True to ourselves, we have nothing to fear.  
 Be this our hope and our anchor for ever—  
 Never despair—Boys—oh! never despair.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

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### THE SADDEST FATE.

To touch a broken lute,  
 To strike a jangled string,  
 To strive with tones forever mute  
 The dear old tunes to sing—  
 What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, never to sing at all.*

To sigh for pleasures flown,  
 To weep for withered flowers,  
 To count the blessings we have known,  
 Lost with the vanished hours—  
 What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, ne'er to have known them all.*

To dream of love and rest,  
 To know the dream has past,

To bear within an aching breast  
 Only a void at last—  
 What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, ne'er to have loved at all.*

To trust an unknown good,  
 To hope, but all in vain,  
 Over a far-off bliss to brood,  
 Only to find it pain—  
 What sadder fate could any soul befall?  
*Alas! dear child, never to hope at all.*

ANONYMOUS.

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#### THE SONG OF THE SAVOYARDS.

FAR poured past Broadway's lamps alight  
 The tumult of her motley throng,  
 When high and clear upon the night  
 Rose an inspiring song,  
 And rang above the city's din  
 To sound of harp and violin;  
 A simple but a manly strain,  
 And ending with the brave refrain—  
 Courage! courage, mon camarade!  
 And now where rose that song of cheer,  
 Both old and young stood still for joy;  
 Or from the windows hung to hear  
 The children of Savoy:  
 And many an eye with rapture glowed,  
 And saddest hearts forgot their load,  
 And feeble souls grew strong again,  
 So stirring was the brave refrain—  
 Courage! courage, mon camarade!

Alone, with only silence there,  
Awaiting his life's welcome close,  
A sick man lay, when on the air  
That clarion arose;  
So sweet the thrilling cadence rang,  
It seemed to him an angel sang,  
And sang to him; and he would fain  
Have died upon that heavenly strain—  
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

A sorrow-stricken man and wife,  
With nothing left them but to pray,  
Heard streaming over their sad life  
That grand, heroic lay:  
And through the mist of happy tears  
They saw the promise-laden years;  
And in their joy they sang again,  
And carolled high the fond refrain—  
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

Two artists, in the cloud of gloom  
Which hung upon their hopes deferred,  
Resounding through their garret-room  
That noble chanson heard;  
And as the night before the day  
Their weak misgivings fled away;  
And with the burden of the strain  
They made their studio ring again—  
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

Two poets, who in patience wrought  
The glory of an aftertime,—  
Lords of an age which knew them not,  
Heard rise that lofty rhyme;

And on their hearts it fell, as falls  
The sunshine, upon prison-walls;  
And one caught up the magic strain  
And to the other sang again—  
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

And unto one, who, tired of breath,  
And day and night and name and fame,  
Held to his lips a glass of death,  
That song a savior came;  
Beseeching him from his despair,  
As with the passion of a prayer;  
And kindling in his heart and brain  
The valor of its blest refrain—  
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

O thou, with earthly ills beset, .  
Call to thy lips those words of joy,  
And never in thy life forget  
The brave song of Savoy!  
For those dear words may have the power  
To cheer thee in thy darkest hour;  
The memory of that loved refrain  
Bring gladness to thy heart again!—  
Courage! courage, mon camarade!

HENRY AMES BLOOD,

V.

DEATH AND BEREAVEMENT.

---

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;  
We love; we droop; we die!  
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
Why do we live or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
Why do our fond hearts cling  
To things that die?

• / We toil—through pain and wrong;  
We fight—and fly;  
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
Stone-dead we lie,  
O life! is all thy song  
“Endure and—die?” /

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

## SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 1.

HAMLET.—To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die, to sleep;—  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pains of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,



Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

SIC VITA.\*

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are,  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew,  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood,—  
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
The flight is past,—and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

---

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

[These verses are said to have “chilled the heart” of  
Oliver Cromwell.]

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;

\* Claimed for Francis Beaumont by some authorities.

There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

---

#### VIRTUE IMMORTAL.

1 / SWEET DAY, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridall of the earth and skie;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angrie and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And all must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
Thy musick shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die. >

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

---

MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,—  
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,

Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan,—  
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.—  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.  
The hour is short, the span is long,  
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!

SIMON WASTELL.

---

### MORTALITY.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the  
high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection that proved,  
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,  
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in  
whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those that beloved her and  
praised

Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the  
steep,

The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the  
weed

That wither away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights that our fathers have  
seen,—

We drink the same stream, and we feel the same  
sun,

And we run the same course that our fathers have  
run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would  
think;  
From the death we are shrinking from, they too  
would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging to, they too would  
cling;  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the  
wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is  
cold;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers  
may come;  
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is  
dumb.

They died, ay! they died! and we things that are  
now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage  
road.

Yea! hope and despondence, and pleasure and  
pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the  
dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a  
breath,

From the blossom 'of health to the paleness of  
death,

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the  
shroud,—

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

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### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of  
prayer—  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;  
There comes a day of grief's overwhelming  
power,  
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden  
grain—  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—  
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets  
rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely  
crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



THE TERM OF DEATH.

BETWEEN the falling leaf and rose-bud's breath;  
The bird's forsaken nest and her new song  
(And this is all the time there is for Death);  
The worm and butterfly—it is not long!

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT.

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A PICTURE OF DEATH.

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And marked the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose, that 's there,  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Apalls the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past away;  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished  
earth!

LORD BYRON.

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### THE TWO MYSTERIES.

["In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, the nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"]

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep  
and still;  
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so  
pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may  
call and call;

The strange white solitude of peace that settles  
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate  
heart-pain;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it  
again;

We know not to what other sphere the loved who  
leave us go,

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we  
do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they  
should come this day—

Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not  
one of us could say.

Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be;  
Yet, O, how dear it is to us, this life we live and  
see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and  
blessèd is the thought,

"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may  
show you nought;

We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of  
death—

Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of  
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowl-  
edge or intent,

So those who enter death must go as little chil-  
dren sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over-  
head;  
And as life is to the living, so death is to the  
dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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### THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall  
claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements;  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods; rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round  
 all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!  
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall  
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and  
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

WHAT if some morning, when the stars were  
paling,

And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the pres-  
ence

Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me:—

“This is our earth—most friendly earth, and  
fair;

Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air;

“There is blest living here, loving and serving,  
And quest of truth, and serene friendships  
dear:

But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—  
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!”

And what if then, while the still morning bright-  
ened,

And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,

And take my hand and say, “My name is  
Death”?

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

## NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."

—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor 's done;  
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—  
The race is won;  
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;  
Two lips where grief is mute,  
Anger at peace:"  
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;  
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address  
Aye for his praise;  
Two feet that never rest  
Walking his ways;  
Two eyes that look above  
Through all their tears;  
Two lips still breathing love,  
Not wrath, nor fears:"  
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;  
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear  
these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.



THE GRAVE OF SOPHOCLES.

TENDERLY, ivy, on Sophocles' grave—right tenderly—twine  
Garlanding over the mound network of delicate green.  
Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose, and the clustering vine  
Pour out its branches around, wet with their glistening sheen.  
All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it was his to combine;  
Priest of the gay and profound, sweetest of singers terrene.

From the Greek of SIMMIAS.

Translation of WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

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INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,  
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;  
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,  
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours.

---

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear  
What a change of flesh is here!

Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heaps of stones;  
Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their hands,  
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."  
Here 's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest royallest seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in  
Since the first man died for sin:  
Here the bones of birth have cried  
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:  
Here 's a world of pomp and state  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

---

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:  
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain





Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

[Hark! how the holy calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
In still small accents whispering from the ground  
The grateful earnest of eternal peace.]\*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade.  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering  
heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built  
shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy  
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

\* Removed by the author from the original poem.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless  
breast,

The little tryant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-  
fined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered  
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;



Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless  
love.

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished)  
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

## GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on  
earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the  
sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## SLEEPY HOLLOW.

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,  
 No winding torches paint the midnight air;  
 Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops  
 Along the modest pathways, and those fair  
 Pale asters of the season spread their plumes  
 Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell  
 Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,  
 Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,  
 But in its kind and supplicating grace,  
 It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more  
 Friend to the friendless than thou wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity:  
 To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,  
 And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,  
 One tribute more to this submissive ground;—  
 Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,  
 Nor these pale flowers nor this still field de-  
 ride:

Rather to those ascents of being turn,  
 Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines the year  
 Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn  
 Of unspent holiness and goodness clear,—  
 Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,  
 God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

## THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

FOUR straight brick walls, severely plain,  
A quiet city square surround;  
A level space of nameless graves,—  
The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,  
They trod the common ways of life,  
With passions held in sternest leash,  
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,  
With thoughts as sober as their speech,  
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,  
To hear the elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,  
With scarce a change to this repose;  
Of all life's loveliness they took  
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,  
Glad rings the southward robin's glee,  
And sparrows fill the autumn air  
With merry mutiny;

While on the graves of drab and gray  
The red and gold of autumn lie,  
And wilful Nature decks the sod  
In gentlest mockery.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade  
Who once were weary of the strife,  
And bent, like us, beneath the load  
Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace  
And benediction o'er their sod,  
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul  
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,  
From all that curses yonder town!  
So deep the peace, I almost long  
To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,  
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,  
Till wakened in immortal strength  
And heavenly light!

CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

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THE DEAD.

THE dead abide with us! Though stark and cold  
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:  
They have forged our chains of being for good or  
ill;  
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.  
Our perishable bodies are the mould  
In which their strong imperishable will—  
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—

Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.  
Vibrations infinite of life in death,  
As a star's travelling light survives its star!  
So may we hold our lives, that when we are  
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,  
They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,  
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

MATHILDE BLIND.

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### ON A GRAVE AT GRINDELWALD.

HERE let us leave him ; for his shroud the snow,  
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,  
For a great sign the icy stair shall go  
Between the heights to heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,  
High in the stainless eminence of air ;  
The next, he was not, to his fatherland  
Translated unaware.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.

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### THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,  
Where the braes are green and grassy,  
With my light step I overtook  
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,  
Another in her hand,  
And she walked as one who was full loath  
To travel from the land.

Quoth I; "My bonnie lass!"—for she  
Had hair of flowing gold,  
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,  
Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee,  
On this bright summer day,  
To travel sad and shoeless thus  
Upon the stony way?

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,  
And thou art burdened so;  
March lightly now, and let me bear  
The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said, "that may not be;  
What's mine is mine to bear;  
Of good or ill, as God may will,  
I take my portioned share."

"But you have two, and I have none;  
One burden give to me;  
I'll take that bundle from thy back  
That heavier seems to be.

"No, no!" she said; "*this*, if you will,  
*That* holds—no hand but mine  
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean  
'Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be  
Within that precious load,

Which thou dost bear with such fine care  
Along the dusty road?

“Belike it is some present rare  
From friend in parting hour;  
Perhaps, as prudent maidens wont,  
Thou tak’st with thee thy dower.”

She drooped her head, and with her hand  
She gave a mournful wave:  
“Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is  
Turf from my mother’s grave!”

I spoke no word: we sat and wept  
By the road-side together;  
No purer dew on that bright day  
Was dropped upon the heather.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

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### THE OLD SEXTON.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,  
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;  
His work was done, and he paused to wait  
The funeral train at the open gate.  
A relic of bygone days was he,  
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;  
And these words came from his lips so thin:  
“I gather them in: I gather them in.

“I gather them in! for man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy,



I've builded the houses that lie around,  
In every nook of this burial ground;  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Come to my solitude, one by one:  
But come they strangers or come they kin—  
I gather them in, I gather them in.

“Many are with me, but still I'm alone,  
I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold;  
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold:  
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,  
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!  
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin—  
I gather them in, I gather them in.

“I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in earth's dark breast!”  
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train  
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain!  
And I said to my heart, when time is told,  
A mightier voice than that sexton's old  
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—  
“I gather them in, I gather them in.”

PARK BENJAMIN.

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### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,

Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

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### THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head  
The morning-glory bright;  
Her little face looked out beneath  
So full of life and light,  
So lit as with a sunrise,  
That we could only say,  
"She is the morning-glory true,  
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
We called her by their name,  
And very fitting did it seem,—  
For sure as morning came,  
Behind her cradle bars she smiled  
To catch the first faint ray,  
As from the trellis smiles the flower  
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
Their airy cups of blue,  
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,  
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;  
And not so close their tendrils fine  
Round their supports are thrown,  
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea  
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
Even as comes the flower,  
The last and perfect added gift  
To crown Love's morning hour;  
And how in her was imaged forth  
The love we could not say,  
As on the little dewdrops round  
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,  
That she must wither up,  
Almost before a day was flown,  
Like the morning-glory's cup;  
We never thought to see her droop  
Her fair and noble head,  
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,  
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming  
Will soon be coming round,—  
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves  
Upspringing from the ground;  
The tender things the winter killed  
Renew again their birth,

But, the glory of our morning  
Has passed away from earth.

Earth! in vain our aching eyes  
Stretch over thy green plain!  
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,  
Her spirit to sustain;  
But up in groves of Paradise  
Full surely we shall see  
Our morning-glory beautiful  
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

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### THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A widow—she had only one!  
A puny and decrepit son;  
But, day and night,  
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,  
A loving child, he was her all—  
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite—ay, so sustained,  
She battled onward, nor complained,  
Though friends were fewer:  
And while she toiled for daily fare,  
A little crutch upon the stair  
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see  
That, though resigned and cheerful, she  
Has sorrowed much;

She has, He gave it tenderly,  
Much faith; and carefully laid by,  
The little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

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### ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day, when the glow of sunset  
Fades in the western sky,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go tripping lightly by,  
I steal away from my husband,  
Asleep in his easy-chair,  
And watch from the open door-way  
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead  
That once was full of life,  
Ringing with girlish laughter,  
Echoing boyish strife,  
We two are waiting together;  
And oft, as the shadows come,  
With tremulous voice he calls me,  
“It is night! are the children home?”

“Yes, love!” I answer him gently,  
“They’re all home long ago;”—  
And I sing, in my quivering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to myself the number  
At home in the better land.

.

At home, where never a sorrow  
 Shall dim their eyes with tears!  
 Where the smile of God is on them  
 Through all the summer years!  
 I know,—yet my arms are empty,  
 That fondly folded seven,  
 And the mother heart within me  
 Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,  
 I only shut my eyes,  
 And the children are all about me,  
 A vision from the skies:  
 The babes whose dimpled fingers  
 Lost the way to my breast,  
 And the beautiful ones, the angels,  
 Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,  
 I see their radiant brows;  
 My boys that I gave to freedom,—  
 The red sword sealed their vows!  
 In a tangled Southern forest,  
 Twin brothers bold and brave,  
 They fell; and the flag they died for,  
 Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
 Away on wings of light,  
 And again we two are together,  
 All alone in the night.  
 They tell me his mind is failing,  
 But I smile at idle fears;  
 III — 19

He is only back with the children,  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset  
Fades away in the west,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go trooping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
" Say, love, have the children come? "  
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,  
" Yes, dear! they are all at home."

MARGARET E. M. SANGSTER.

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### JIM'S KIDS.

JIM was a fisherman, up on the hill,  
Over the beach lived he and his wife,  
In a little house—you can see it still—  
An' their two fair boys; upon my life  
You never seen two likelier kids,  
In spite of their antics an' fricks an' noise,  
Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea,  
Just as the rest of us fishermen did,  
An' when he come back at night thar 'd be,  
Up to his knees in the surf, each kid,  
A beck'nin' and cheerin' to fisherman Jim;  
He 'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar  
Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came a sailin' home  
And the little kids weren't on the sands;



Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,  
And a tremblin' took hold o' his knees and  
hands,  
And he learnt the worst up on the hill,  
In the little house, an' he bowed his head;  
"The fever," they said.

'T was an awful time for fisherman Jim,  
With them darlin's a dyin' afore his eyes,  
They kep' a callin' an' beck'nin' him,  
For they kinder wandered in mind. Their cries  
Were about the waves and fisherman Jim  
And the little boat a sailin' for shore  
Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,  
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came,  
But he never smiled and his heart seemed gone,  
And he never was heard to speak the name  
Of the little kids who were buried there,  
Up on the hill in sight o' the sea,  
Under a willow tree.

One night they came and told me to haste  
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,  
And they said I hadn't no time to waste,  
For his tide was ebbin' powerful quick  
An' he seemed to be wand'rin' and crazy like,  
An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see,  
An' had called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me,  
"It's my last, last cruise, you understand,

I'm sailin' a dark and dreadful sea,  
But off on the further shore, on the sand,  
Are the kids, who's a beck'nin' and callin' my  
name  
Jess as they did, oh, mate, you know,  
In the long ago."

No, sir! he wasn't afeard to die,  
For all that night he seemed to see  
His little boys of the years gone by,  
And to hear sweet voices forgot by me;  
An' just as the mornin' sun came up,  
"They're a holdin' me by the hands," he cried,  
And so he died.

EUGENE FIELD.

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### THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear;  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad  
new-year,—  
Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest,  
merriest day;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but  
none so bright as mine;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and  
Caroline;

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land,  
they say :

So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall  
never wake,

If you do not call me loud when the day begins  
to break ;

But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and  
garlands gay ;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I  
see

But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the  
hazel-tree ?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave  
him yesterday,—

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all  
in white ;

And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash  
of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what  
they say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love,—but that can  
never be ;

They say his heart is breaking, mother,—what  
is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad'll woo me any summer day;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the  
green,

And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made  
the Queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from  
far away;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its  
wavy bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet  
cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in  
swamps and hollows gray;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the  
meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten  
as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the  
livelong day;

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

*DEATH AND BEREAVEMENT.* 295

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and  
still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the  
hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily  
glance and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me  
early, mother dear;  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad  
new-year;  
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest,  
merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

*NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,  
mother dear.  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-  
year.  
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see,—  
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think  
no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set,—he set and left be-  
hind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my  
peace of mind;

And the new-year's coming up, mother; but I  
shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the  
tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had  
a merry day,—  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made  
me Queen of May;  
And we danced about the May-pole and in the  
hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white  
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills,—the frost  
is on the pane;  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come  
out on high,—  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building-rook'll caw from the windy tall  
elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow'll come back again with sum-  
mer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mol-  
dering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave  
of mine,  
In the early, early morning the summer sun'll  
shine,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon  
the hill,—

When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the  
world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath  
the waning light

You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields  
at night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs  
blow cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the  
bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-  
thorn shade,

And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I  
am lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you  
when you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and  
pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive  
me now;

You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek  
and brow;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief  
be wild;

You should not fret for me, mother—you have an-  
other child.

If I can, I 'll come again, mother, from out my  
resting-place;

Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look  
upon your face;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall harken  
what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I'm  
far away.

Good night! good night! when I have said good  
night forevermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of  
the door,  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be  
growing green,—  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have  
been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary  
floor.  
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never  
garden more.  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush  
that I set  
About the parlor window and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet-mother! Call me before the day  
is born:  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-  
year,—  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early,  
mother dear.



CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;  
And in the fields all around I hear the bleating of  
the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the  
year!

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the  
violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the  
skies;

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that  
cannot rise;

And sweet is all the land about, and all the  
flowers that blow;

And sweeter far is death than life, to me that  
long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the  
blessèd sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His  
will be done!

But still I think it can't be long before I find re-  
lease;

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me  
words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver  
hair,

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet  
me there!

O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver  
head!

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside  
my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all  
the sin;

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's  
One will let me in.

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that  
could be;

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for  
me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-  
watch beat,—

There came a sweeter token when the night and  
morning meet;

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand  
in mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the  
sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels  
call,—

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark  
was over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to  
roll,

And in the wild March-morning I heard them  
call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie  
dear;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer  
here;  
With all my strength I prayed for both,—and so  
I felt resigned,  
And up the valley came a swell of music on the  
wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my  
bed;  
And then did something speak to me,—I know not  
what was said;  
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all  
my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on the  
wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, “It’s not for  
them,—it’s mine;”  
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it  
for a sign.  
And once again it came, and close beside the win-  
dow-bars;  
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die  
among the stars.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it is. I  
know  
The blessèd music went that way my soul will  
have to go.” •  
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;  
But Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past  
away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not  
to fret;

There 's many a worthier than I, would make him  
happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been  
his wife;

But all these things have ceased to be, with my  
desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in  
a glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them  
I know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his  
light may shine,—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than  
mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this  
day is done

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the  
sun,—

Forever and forever with those just souls and  
true,—

And what is life, that we should moan? why make  
we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessèd home,—

And there to wait a little while till you and Effie  
come,—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your  
breast,—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ON ANNE ALLEN.

THE wind blew keenly from the Western sea,  
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the  
tree—

Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—  
Heaping them up before her Father's door  
When I saw her whom I shall see no more—  
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

She went abroad the falling leaves among,  
She saw the merry season fade, and sung—  
Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—  
Freely she wandered in the leafless wood,  
And said that all was fresh, and fair, and good—  
She knew thee not, O Death.

She bound her shining hair across her brow,  
She went into the garden fading now ;  
Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—  
And if one sighed to think that it was sere,  
She smiled to think that it would bloom next year !  
She feared thee not, O Death.

Blooming she came back to the cheerful room  
With all the fairer flowers yet in bloom—  
Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—  
A fragrant knot for each of us she tied,  
And placed the fairest at her Father's side—  
She cannot charm thee, Death.

Her pleasant smile spread sunshine upon all;  
 We heard her sweet clear laughter in the Hall—  
     Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—  
 We heard her sometimes after evening prayer,  
 As she went singing softly up the stair—  
     No voice can charm thee, Death.

Where is the pleasant smile, the laughter kind,  
 That made sweet music of the winter wind?  
     Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith—  
 Idly they gaze upon her empty place,  
 Her kiss hath faded from her Father's face—  
     She is with thee, O Death.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

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### SONNET.

(SUGGESTED BY MR. WATTS'S PICTURE OF LOVE  
 AND DEATH.)

YEA, Love is strong as life; he casts out fear,  
 And wrath, and hate, and all our envious foes;  
 He stands upon the threshold, quick to close  
 The gate of happiness ere should appear  
 Death's dreaded presence—ay, but Death draws  
     near,  
 And large and gray the towering outline grows.  
 Whose face is veiled and hid; and yet Love knows  
 Full well, too well, alas! that Death is here.  
 Death tramples on the roses; Death comes in,  
 Though Love, with outstretched arms and wings  
     outspread,







Would bar the way,—poor Love, whose wings be-  
gin  
To droop, half-torn as are the roses dead  
Already at his feet—but Death must win,  
And Love grows faint beneath that ponderous  
tread!

LADY LINDSAY.

---

JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE FLEUR.

THE bier descends, the spotless roses too,  
The father's tribute in his saddest hour:  
O Earth! that bore them both, thou hast thy  
due,—

The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,  
Where mourning, grief, and agony have  
power,—

Where winds destroy, and suns malignant  
reign,—

That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Eliza, now,  
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling  
shower;

They both have perished in their morning glow,—  
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,  
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower,  
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail,  
O fair young girl and flower!

From the French of

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

## THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

---

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,

She passed through glory's morning-gate,  
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

---

REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew.  
In quiet she reposes:  
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:  
She bathed it in smiles of glee.  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound.  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample Spirit,  
It fluttered and failed for breath.  
To-night it doth inherit  
The vasty Hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## "THE UNILLUMINED VERGE."

TO A FRIEND DYING.

THEY tell you that Death's at the turn of the  
road,

That under the shade of a cypress you'll find  
him,

And, struggling on wearily, lashed by the goad  
Of pain, you will enter the black mist behind  
him.

I can walk with you up to the ridge of the hill,  
And we'll talk of the way we have come  
through the valley;

Down below there a bird breaks into a trill,  
And a groaning slave bends to the oar of his  
galley.

You are up on the heights now, you pity the  
slave—

"Poor soul, how fate lashes him on at his row-  
ing!

Yet it's joyful to live, and it's hard to be brave  
When you watch the sun sink and the daylight  
is going."

We are almost there—our last walk on this  
height—

I must bid you good-bye at that cross on the  
mountain.

See the sun glowing red, and the pulsating light  
Fill the valley, and rise like the flood in a foun-  
tain!

And it shines in your face and illumines your  
soul;

We are comrades as ever, right here at your  
going;

You may rest if you will within sight of the  
goal,

While I must return to my oar and the rowing.

We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a  
friend;

I will keep you in sight till the road makes its  
turning

Just over the ridge within reach of the end

Of your arduous toil;—the beginning of learn-  
ing.

You will call to me once from the mist, on the  
verge,

“Au revoir!” and “Good night!” while the  
twilight is creeping

Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?

Yes, I hear your faint voice: “This is rest, and  
like sleeping!”

ROBERT BRIDGES (*Droch*).

---

### CORONACH.

FROM “THE LADY OF THE LAKE,” CANTO III.

He is gone on the mountain,

He is lost to the forest,

Like a summer-dried fountain

When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow.

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary;  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

### EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
Beginning to die too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think;

The shutters are shut,—no light may pass  
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name,—  
It was not her time to love; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares;  
And now was quiet, now astir,—  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
What! your soul was pure and true;  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was naught to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow-mortals,—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love;  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,

In the lower earth,—in the years long still,—  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red,—  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me,—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold,—  
There was place and to spare for the frank young  
smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young  
gold.  
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;  
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.  
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

---

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,



That a maiden lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than  
love,  
I and my Annabel Lee,—  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me.  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

---

### THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!  
When now thy waves his body cover.

Forever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promised me a little page,  
To 'squire me to his father's towers;

He promised me a wedding-ring,—  
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasped in his arms, I little thought  
That I should nevermore behold him!  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walked  
The greenwood path to meet her brother.  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough,  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;

I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

---

FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S  
DAUGHTER.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

FAREWELL,—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!  
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)  
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water  
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till love's witchery  
came,  
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute  
blowing,  
And hushed all its music and withered its  
frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the  
doom  
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With naught but the sea-star to light up her  
tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,  
And calls to the palm-grove the young and the  
old,

The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she  
dresses

Her dark flowing-hair for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they  
start,

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her  
heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With everything beauteous that grows in the  
deep;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed  
chamber,  
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie dark-  
ling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are  
sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
They 'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that  
    mountain,  
They 'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the  
    wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

---

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
    Gentle death!  
Let her leave thee with no strife,  
    Tender, mournful, murmuring life!  
She hath seen her happy day,—  
    She hath had her bud and blossom;  
Now she pales and shrinks away,  
    Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,  
    Angels dear!  
Bear her perfect soul above,  
    Seraph of the skies,—sweet love!  
Good she was, and fair in youth;  
    And her mind was seen to soar,  
And her heart was wed to truth:  
    Take her, then, forevermore,—  
    Forever—evermore—

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

SHE died in beauty,—like a rose  
Blown from its parent stem;  
She died in beauty,—like a pearl  
Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty,—like a lay  
Along a moonlit lake;  
She died in beauty,—like the song  
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty,—like the snow  
On flowers dissolved away;  
She died in beauty,—like a star  
Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory,—like night's gems  
Set round the silver moon;  
She lives in glory,—like the sun  
Amid the blue of June.

CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

---

THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

FROM "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA."

ALL day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadows of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,

Of that ne'er forgotten Summer.  
He had brought his young wife homeward  
From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests that watched her,  
With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Beloved,  
She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,



Miles away among the mountains,  
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
 Calling to him in the darkness,  
 "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
 Under snow-encumbered branches,  
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
 "Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
 Would that I had perished for you,  
 Would that I were dead as you are!  
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
 Lying dead and cold before him,  
 And his bursting heart within him  
 Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
 That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
 That the very stars in heaven  
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,  
 On the bed of Minnehaha,  
 At the feet of Laughing Water,  
 At those willing feet, that never  
 More would lightly run to meet him,  
 Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
 As if in a swoon he sat there,

Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessèd.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you,  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessèd,

To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
Tó the Lánd of the Hereafter!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

---

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN,—AFTER NEWS FROM GAËTA. 1861.

Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaëta.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!  
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the  
pain?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you  
pressed,  
And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her  
throat

Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees  
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little  
coat!

To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them  
indeed

Speak plain the word "country," I taught  
them, no doubt,

That a country's a thing men should die for at  
need.

I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful  
eyes! . . .

I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the sur-  
prise.

When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps,  
then one kneels!

—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and  
how

They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be  
spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in the  
street

With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.  
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked  
sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the  
time

When the first grew immortal, while both of us  
strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more  
strong,

Writ now but in one hand. “I was not to  
faint.

One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere-  
long:

And ‘Viva Italia’ he died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add “he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was  
imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could  
bear,

And how ’t was impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest.”

On which without pause up the telegraph line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaëta:—  
“Shot.

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother;  
not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to me.  
What!

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with  
heaven,

They drop earth's affections, conceive not of  
woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled  
so

The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst  
through the dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,

How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes  
turned away,

And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always  
keep one.

'T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.

And when Italy's made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaëta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her  
sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of  
men?

When your guns at Cavalli with final retort  
Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its white,  
green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to  
sea,

When King Victor has Italy's crown on his  
head,

(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your  
bells low,

And burn your lights faintly!—My country is  
there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,

My Italy's there,—with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in  
strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain in self-  
scorn.

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at  
length

Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,

And one of them shot in the east by the sea!

Both ! both my boys !—If in keeping the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at me !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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## FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.

FROM "CYMBELINE," ACT IV. SC. 2.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak :  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan :  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE.



HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowérs,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There Simmer first unfald her robes  
And there she langest tarry!  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;  
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
 And mould'ring now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

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### FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies;  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 O that I were where Helen lies  
 On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
 And died to succor me!

O think na but my heart was sair  
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
 I laid her down wi' meikle care  
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I 'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for evermair  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee, I were blest,  
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
Since my Love died for me.

ANONYMOUS.

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OH THAT 'T WERE POSSIBLE.

FROM "MAUD."

OH that 't were possible,  
After long grief and pain,  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
Of the land that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee;  
Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be!

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls;

'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet:

She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings.  
In a moment we shall meet;

She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet

Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,

My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry—

There is some one dying or dead;  
And a sullen thunder is rolled;

For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake—my dream is fled;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,

By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold!

Get thee hence, nor come again!

Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,

Pass and cease to move about!  
'T is the blot upon the brain  
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise; the eave-drops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke

The great city sounding wide;  
The day comes—a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame;  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Through all that crowd confused and loud  
The shadow still the same;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering through the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall!

Would the happy spirit descend  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend  
Or to say “Forgive the wrong,”  
Or to ask her, “Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest?”

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,

And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me;  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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TOO LATE.

“Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu.”

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;  
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!  
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:  
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;  
Not half worthy the like of you:  
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—  
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,  
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;

As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

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### AFTER SUMMER.

WE 'LL not weep for summer over,—  
No, not we:  
Strew above his head the clover,—  
Let him be!

Other eyes may weep his dying,  
Shed their tears  
There upon him, where he 's lying  
With his peers.

Unto some of them he proffered  
Gifts most sweet;  
For our hearts a grave he offered,—  
Was this meet?

All our fond hopes, praying, perished  
In his wrath,—  
All the lovely dreams we cherished  
Strewed his path.

Shall we in our tombs, I wonder,  
Far apart,  
Sundered wide as seas can sunder  
Heart from heart.

Dream at all of all the sorrows  
That were ours,—



Bitter nights, more bitter morrows;  
Poison-flowers

Summer gathered, as in madness,  
Saying, " See,  
These are yours, in place of gladness,—  
Gifts from me " ?

Nay, the rest that will be ours  
Is supreme,  
And below the poppy flowers  
Steals no dream.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

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#### LAMENT FOR HELIODORE.

TEARS for my lady dead—  
Heliodore!  
Salt tears, and strange to shed,  
Over and o'er;  
Tears to my lady dead,  
Love do we send,  
Longed for, rememberèd,  
Lover and friend!  
Sad are the songs we sing,  
Tears that we shed,  
Empty the gifts we bring  
Gifts to the dead!  
Go, tears, and go, lament,  
Fare from her tomb,  
Wend where my lady went  
Down through the gloom!

Ah, for my flower, my love,  
 Hades hath taken!  
 Ah, for the dust above  
 Scattered and shaken!  
 Mother of blade and grass,  
 Earth, in thy breast  
 Lull her that gentlest was  
 Gently to rest!

From the Greek of MELEAGER.

Translation of ANDREW LANG.

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER,  
 FRANCIS I.

'T is done! a father, mother, gone,  
 A sister, brother, torn away,  
 My hope is now in God alone,  
 Whom heaven and earth alike obey.  
 Above, beneath, to him is known,—  
 The world's wide compass is his own.

I love,—but in the world no more,  
 Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;  
 Not the fair forms I prized before,—  
 But him, all beauty, wisdom, power,  
 My Saviour, who has cast a chain  
 On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced  
 All former joys, all kindred, friends;  
 All honors that my station graced  
 I hold but snares that fortune sends:

Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,  
That we may be his own at last!

From the French of

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

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TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Written in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,—  
 Till soon, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care!  
 Time but the impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

### MINSTREL'S SONG.

O SING unto my roundelay!  
 O, drop the briny tear with me!  
 Dance no more at holiday;  
 Like a running river be.  
*My love is dead,*  
*Gone to his death-bed,*  
*All under the willow-tree.*

Black his hair as the winter night,  
 White his neck as the summer snow,  
 Ruddy his face as the morning light;  
 Cold he lies in the grave below.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;  
 Quick in dance as thought can be;

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;  
O, he lies by the willow-tree!  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
In the briered dell below;  
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
To the nightmares as they go.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

See! the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Here, upon my true-love's grave  
Shall the barren flowers be laid,  
Nor one holy saint to save  
All the coldness of a maid.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

With my hands I'll bind the briers  
Round his holy corse to gre;  
Ouphant fairy, light your fires;  
Here my body still shall be.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
Drain my heart's blood away;  
Life and all its good I scorn,  
Dance by night, or feast by day.  
*My love is dead, etc.*

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,  
Bear me to your lethal tide.  
I die! I come! my true-love waits. . . .  
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

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### THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave  
Since I crossed this restless wave:  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside,  
Sat two comrades old and tried,—  
One with all a father's truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought;  
But the younger, brighter form  
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye  
Back upon the days gone by,  
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,  
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,  
But that soul with soul can blend?  
Soul-like were those hours of yore;  
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,  
Take, I give it willingly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

From the German of LUDWIG UHLAND.  
Translation of SARAH TAYLOR AUSTIN.

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LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side  
On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride;  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high—  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;  
The day is bright as then;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek;  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near—  
The church where we were wed, Mary;  
I see the spire from here.  
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—

For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends:  
But, oh, they love the better still  
The few our Father sends!  
And you were all I had, Mary—  
My blessin' and my pride!  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was gone;  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow,—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break,—  
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,  
And you hid it for my sake;  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore,—  
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!



But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm goin' to;  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;  
And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

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HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR  
DEAD.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

HOME they brought her warrior dead:  
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved;  
Truest friend and noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee,—  
Like summer tempest came her tears,  
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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### THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king  
(Hurry!)  
That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;  
(O, ride as though you were flying!)  
Better he loves each golden curl  
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:  
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;  
(Hurry!)  
Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of need;  
(O, ride as though you were flying!)  
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;  
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;  
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;  
But ride as they would, the king rode first,  
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;

(Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward  
gone;

His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying!

The king looked back at that faithful child;

Wan was the face that answering smiled;

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,

Then he dropped; and only the king rode in

Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;

(Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold gray morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;

None welcomed the king from that weary ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,

Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,

Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eyeing,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,

Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain

To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

## GRIEF.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT I. SC. 2.

QUEEN.—Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color  
off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:  
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that live must  
die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET.—Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN.— If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET.—Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know  
not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I have that within, which passeth show;  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

[ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, OB. 1833.]

GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel:  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.  
  
But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.  
  
In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.

DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailest the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.  
  
So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead  
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, through early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widowed race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

## THE PEACE OF SORROW.

## XI.

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only through the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms, and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

XLII.

IF Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded bloom  
Through all its intervital gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Bare of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the color of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figured leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved me here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

## PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

## XLVI.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside ;  
And I shall know him when we meet :

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good :  
What vaster dream can hit the mood  
Of Love on earth ? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
Before the spirits fade away,  
Some landing-place to clasp and say,  
" Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light."

## SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

## XCIII.

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,



Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest: .

But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within.

L.

Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side?  
Is there no baseness we would hide?  
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eye some hidden shame,  
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:  
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?  
There must be wisdom with great Death:  
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:  
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger other eyes than ours,  
To make allowance for us all.

## DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

LXXII.

So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee?  
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,  
The head hath missed an earthly wreath:  
I curse not nature, no, nor death;  
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-enfolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

## THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

LXXVI.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie  
Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
May bind a book, may line a box,  
May serve to curl a maiden's locks:  
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
And, passing, turn the page that tells  
A grief, then changed to something else,  
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways  
Shall ring with music all the same;  
To breathe my loss is more than fame,  
To utter love more sweet than praise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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### APRÈS.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one,  
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee;  
Why should you add to the thoughts that are  
taunting me,  
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one,  
Warbling so fairly close to my ear;  
Why should you choose, of all songs that are  
haunting me,  
This that I made for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one,  
Wailing so wearily under the stars;  
Why should I think of her tears, that might light  
to me  
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one!  
Is she not like her whenever she stirs?

Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,  
Lips that will some day be honeyed like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one,  
Though her white bosom is stilled in the grave,  
Something more white than her bosom is spared  
to me,—  
Something to cling to and something to crave.

Love, love, Ellen, my little one!  
Love indestructible, love undefiled,  
Love through all deeps of her spirit lies bared  
to me,  
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY.

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### THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

Addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childbed at  
the age of twenty-two.

To make my lady's obsequies  
My love a minster wrought,  
And, in the chantry, service there  
Was sung by doleful thought;  
The tapers were of burning sighs,  
That light and odor gave:  
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,  
Enluminèd her grave;  
And round about, in quaintest guise,  
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb  
 Of gold and sapphires blue :  
 The gold doth show her blessedness,  
 The sapphires mark her true ;  
 For blessedness and truth in her  
 Were livelily portrayed,  
 When gracious God with both his hands  
 Her goodly substance made.  
 He framed her in such wondrous wise,  
 She was, to speak without disguise,  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more ! my heart doth faint  
 When I the life recall  
 Of her who lived so free from taint,  
 So virtuous deemed by all,—  
 That in herself was so complete  
 I think that she was ta'en  
 By God to deck his paradise,  
 And with his saints to reign,  
 Whom while on earth each one did prize  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries ;  
 All soon or late in death shall sleep ;  
 Nor living wight long time may keep  
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

From the French of CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,  
To the haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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LAVENDER.

How prone we are to hide and hoard  
Each little treasure time has stored,  
To tell of happy hours!  
We lay aside with tender care  
A tattered book, a lock of hair,  
A bunch of faded flowers.

When death has led with silent hand  
Our darlings to the "Silent Land,"  
    Awhile we sit bereft;  
But time goes on; anon we rise,  
Our dead are buried from our eyes,  
    We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the songs they sang,  
The little flute whose music rang  
    So cheerily of old;  
The pictures we had watched them paint,  
The last plucked flower, with odor faint,  
    That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold with reverent care  
The robes they living used to wear;  
    And painful pulses stir  
As o'er the relics of our dead,  
With bitter rain of tears, we spread  
    Pale purple lavender.

And when we come in after years,  
With only tender April tears  
    On cheeks once white with care,  
To look on treasures put away  
Despairing on that far-off day,  
    A subtile scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gather them,  
These fragrant flowers; now every stem  
    Is bare of all its bloom:  
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here  
To lend our relics, sacred, dear,  
    Their beautiful perfume.

The scent abides on book and lute,  
On curl and flower, and with its mute  
But eloquent appeal  
It wins from us a deeper sob  
For our lost dead, a sharper throb  
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the "long ago;"  
Its love, its loss, its aching woe,  
And buried sorrows stir;  
And tears like those we shed of old  
Roll down our cheeks as we behold  
Our faded lavender.

ANONYMOUS.

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### WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

TO THE HAPPY DEAD PEOPLE.

WHAT of the darkness? Is it very fair?  
Are there great calms? and find we silence there?  
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow  
With some strange peace our faces never know,  
With some strange faith our faces never dare,—  
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?  
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?  
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?  
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?  
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere—  
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?



Out of the Day's deceiving light we call—  
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,  
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass—  
O is the Darkness too a lying glass!  
Or undistracted, do you find truth there?  
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

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### VAN ELSSEN.

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's  
soul;  
He spake by sickness first and made him whole;  
Van Elsen heard him not,  
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured  
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;  
Van Elsen's heart grew fat  
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world  
smiled,  
And in the sunshine slew his little child;  
Van Elsen like a tree  
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,  
"As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,  
As I have need of thee,  
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,  
And, kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,  
Praised Him with fervent breath  
Who conquered death.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

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WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-  
YARD BLOOMED.

[THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.]

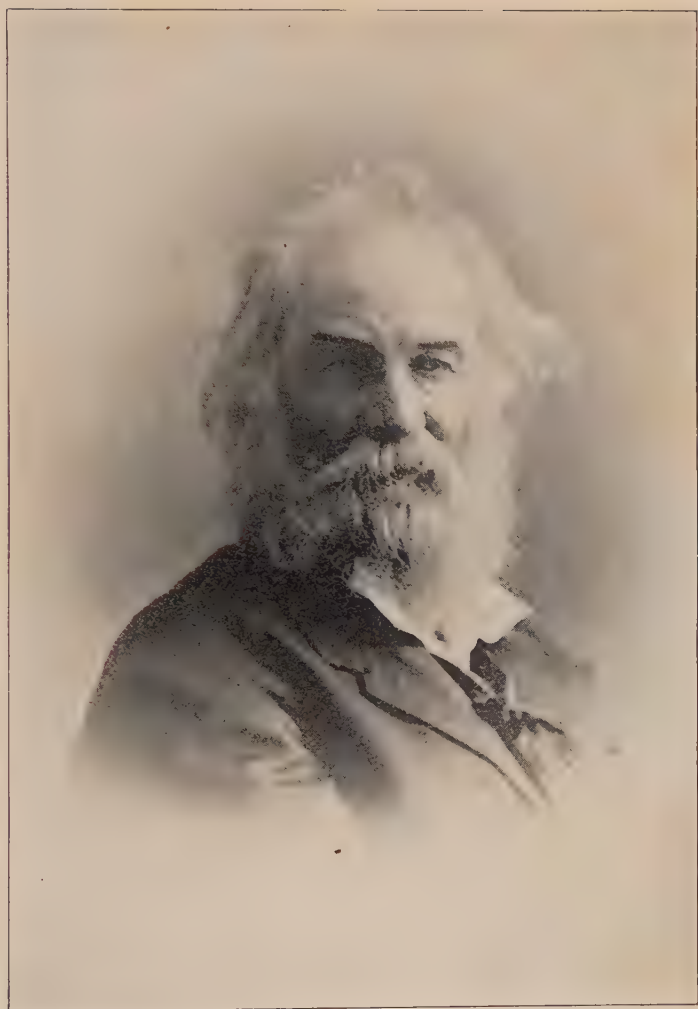
1.

WHEN lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,  
And the great star early drooped in the western  
sky in the night,  
I mourned and yet shall mourn with ever-return-  
ing spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you  
bring,  
Lilacs blooming perennial, and drooping star in  
the west,  
And thought of him I love.

2.

O powerful western fallen star!  
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!  
O great star disappeared—O the black murk that  
hides the star!  
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless  
soul of me!  
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my  
soul!





3.

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house, near  
the whitewashed palings,  
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-  
shaped leaves of rich green,  
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with  
the perfume strong I love,  
With every leaf a miracle;—and from this bush  
in the door-yard,  
With delicate-colored blossoms and heart-shaped  
leaves of rich green,  
A sprig with its flower I break.

4.

In the swamp in secluded recesses,  
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.  
Solitary the thrush,  
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the  
settlements,  
Sings by himself a song.—  
Song of the bleeding throat,  
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear brother,  
I know,  
If thou wast not granted to sing thou wouldst  
surely die).

5.

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid  
cities,  
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately  
the violets peeped from the ground, spotting  
the gray débris,

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes,  
passing the endless grass,  
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain  
from its shroud in the dark-brown fields up-  
risen,  
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in  
the orchards,  
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the  
grave,  
Night and day journeys a coffin.

## 6.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,  
Through day and night with the great cloud dark-  
ening the land,  
With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the  
cities draped in black,  
With the show of the States themselves as of  
crape-veiled women standing,  
With processions long and winding and the flam-  
beaus of the night,  
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea  
of faces and the unbared heads,  
With the waiting dépôt, the arriving coffin, and  
the sombre faces,  
With dirges through the night, with the thousand  
voices rising strong and solemn,  
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured  
around the coffin,  
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—  
where amid these you journey,  
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,

Here, coffin that slowly passes,  
I give you my sprig of lilac.

. . . 7.

(Nor for you, for one alone,—  
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I  
bring;  
For, fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a  
song for you, O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,  
O death, I cover you over with roses and early  
lilies,  
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the  
first,  
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the  
bushes,  
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,  
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

8.

O western orb sailing the heaven,  
Now I know what you must have meant as a  
month since I walked,  
As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy  
night,  
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to  
me night after night,  
As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my  
side (while the other stars all looked on),  
As we wandered together the solemn night (for  
something, I know not what, kept me from  
sleep),

As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of  
the west how full you were of woe,  
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in  
the cool transparent night,  
As I watched where you passed and was lost in  
the netherward black of the night,  
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as  
where you, sad orb,  
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

## 9.

Sing on there in the swamp,  
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes,  
I hear your call,  
I hear, I come presently, I understand you;  
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has  
detained me,  
The star my departing comrade holds and detains  
me.

## 10.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there  
I loved?  
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet  
soul that has gone?  
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of  
him I love?  
Sea-winds blown from east and west,  
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the  
Western sea, till there on the prairies meet-  
ing,  
These and with these and the breath of my chant,  
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.



## 11.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?  
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the  
walls,  
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?  
Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,  
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the  
gray smoke lucid and bright,  
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, in-  
dolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the  
air,  
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the  
pale green leaves of the trees prolific,  
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the  
river, with a wind-dapple here and there,  
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line  
against the sky, and shadows,  
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and  
stacks of chimneys,  
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and  
the workmen homeward returning.

## 12.

Lo, body and soul—this land,  
My own Manhattan with spires, and the spar-  
kling and hurrying tides, and the ships,  
The varied and ample land, the South and the  
North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing  
Missouri,  
And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with  
grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,  
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,  
The gentle soft-born measureless light,  
The miracle spreading, bathing all, the fulfilled  
noon,  
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and  
the stars,  
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and  
land.

## 13.

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird!  
Sing from the swamps, the recesses; pour your  
chant from the bushes,  
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and  
pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,  
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!  
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!  
You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but will  
soon depart),  
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

## 14.

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,  
In the close of the day with its light and the  
fields of spring, and the farmers preparing  
their crops,  
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with  
its lakes and forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed  
winds and the storms),  
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift  
passing, and the voices of children and wo-  
men,  
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships  
how they sailed,  
And the summer approaching with richness, and  
the fields all busy with labor,  
And the infinite separate houses, how they all  
went on, each with its meals and minutia of  
daily usages,  
And the streets how their throbbings throbbed,  
and the cities pent—lo, then and there,  
Falling upon them all and among them all, en-  
veloping me with the rest,  
Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,  
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred  
knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one  
side of me,  
And the thought of death close-walking the other  
side of me,  
And I in the middle as with companions, and as  
holding the hands of companions,  
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks  
not,  
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the  
swamp in the dimness,  
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines  
so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,  
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades  
three,  
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for  
him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,  
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so  
still,  
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,  
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the  
night,  
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the  
bird.

*Come, lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, ar-  
riving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate death.*

*Praised be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge  
curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise!  
praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding  
death.*

*Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest wel-  
come?*

*Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed  
come, come unfalteringly.*

*Approach, strong deliveress!  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joy-  
ously sing the dead,  
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Lured in the flood of thy bliss, O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee, I propose, saluting thee, adorn-  
ments and feastings for thee;  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-  
spread sky are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thought-  
ful night—*

*The night in silence under many a star.  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave  
whose voice I know.  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-  
veiled death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad  
fields and the prairies wide,  
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming  
wharves and ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O  
death.*

## 15.

To the tally of my soul,  
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,  
With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the  
night,

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,  
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-per-  
fume,  
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes un-  
closed,  
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,  
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-  
flags,  
Borne through the smoke of the battles and  
pierced with missiles I saw them,  
And carried hither and yon through the smoke,  
and torn and bloody,  
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and  
all in silence),  
And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,  
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw  
them;  
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers  
of the war,  
But I saw they were not as was thought,—

They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered  
not:

The living remained and suffered, the mother suf-  
fered,

And the wife and the child and the musing com-  
rade suffered,

And the armies that remained suffered.

16.

Passing the visions, passing the night,

Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades'  
hands,

Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tally-  
ing song of my soul,

Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying  
ever-altering song,

As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and  
falling, flooding the night,

Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warn-  
ing, and yet again bursting with joy,

Covering the earth and filling the spread of  
the heaven,

As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from  
recesses,

Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped  
leaves,

I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, re-  
turning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,

From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the  
west, communing with thee,

O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the  
night,  
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown  
bird,  
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my  
soul,  
With the lustrous and drooping star with the  
countenance full of woe.  
With the holders holding my hand nearing the  
call of the bird,  
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their mem-  
ory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,  
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and  
lands—and this for his dear sake,  
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of  
my soul,  
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk  
and dim.

WALT WHITMAN.

---

### IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

    If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting-place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress—  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

    If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with loving  
thought,



Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;  
 Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;  
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
 The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
 My hasty words, would all be put aside,  
 And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

                    If I should die to-night,  
 Even hearts estranged would turn once more to  
                     me,  
 Recalling other days remorsefully;  
 The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
 And soften, in the old familiar way;  
 For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?  
 So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

                    Oh, friends, I pray to-night,  
 Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—  
 The way is lonely; let me feel them now.  
 Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;  
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
 Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!  
 When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

BELLE E. SMITH.

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### AWAKENING.

Down to the borders of the silent land  
                     He goes with halting feet;  
 He dares not trust; he cannot understand  
                     The blessedness complete  
 That waits for God's beloved at his right hand.

He dreads to see God's face, for though the pure  
Beholding him are blest,  
Yet in his sight no evil can endure;  
And still with fear oppressed  
He looks within and cries, "Who can be sure?"

The world beyond is strange; the golden streets,  
The palaces so fair,  
The seraphs singing in the shining seats,  
The glory everywhere,—  
And to his soul he solemnly repeats

The visions of the Book. "Alas!" he cries,  
"That world is all too grand;  
Among those splendors and those majesties  
I would not dare to stand;  
For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice!"

Yet, faithful in his lot this saint has stood  
Through service and through pain;  
The Lord Christ he has followed, doing good;  
Sure, dying must be gain  
To one who living hath done what he could.

The light is fading in the tired eyes,  
The weary race is run;  
Not as the victor that doth seize the prize,  
But as the fainting one,  
He nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now he sees  
The happy, happy shore;

O fearful, and faint, distrustful soul, are these  
The things thou fearedst before—  
The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?

This land is home; no stranger art thou here;  
Sweet and familiar words  
From voices silent long salute thine ear;  
And winds and songs of birds,  
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes are near.

The seraphs—they are men of kindly mien;  
The gems and robes—but signs  
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;  
The glory—such as shines  
Wherever faith or hope or love is seen.

And he, O doubting child! the Lord of grace  
Whom thou didst fear to see—  
He knows thy sin—but look upon his face!  
Doth it not shine on thee  
With a great light of love that fills the place?

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!  
Heaven is a goodly land;  
And God is love; and those he loves are blest;—  
Now thou dost understand;  
The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes  
The new life opens fair;  
Before thy feet the blessèd journey lies  
Through homelands everywhere;  
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE  
WEeping.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home! etc.*

Beyond the rising and the setting  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home! etc.*

Beyond the gathering and the strowing  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home! etc.*

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
    I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
    I shall be soon.  
    *Love, rest, and home! etc.*

Beyond the frost chain and the fever  
    I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
    I shall be soon.  
    *Love, rest, and home!*  
    *Sweet hope!*  
    *Lord, tarry not, but come.*

HORATIUS BONAR.

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THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I 'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;  
I 'm wearing awa',  
    To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither could nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
    In the land o' the leal.  
  
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;  
Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
    To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean:  
 O, we grudged her right sair  
 To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,  
 My soul langs to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait on me  
 To the land o' the leal!  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean;  
 We'll meet and aye be fain  
 In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE.

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### ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—SHAKESPEARE'S *Antony*  
*and Cleopatra*, Act iv. Sc. 13.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,  
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
 And the dark Plutonian shadows  
 Gather on the evening blast;  
 Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,  
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;  
 Listen to the great heart-secrets,  
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
 Bear their eagles high no more,  
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,

Though no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman,  
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low ;  
'T was no foeman's arm that felled him,  
'T was his own that struck the blow :  
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,  
Turned aside from glory's ray,  
His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assail my name at Rome,  
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home,  
Seek her ; say the gods bear witness—  
Altars, augurs, circling wings—  
That her blood, with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile !  
Light the path to Stygian horrors  
With the splendors of thy smile.  
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine ;  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying ;  
Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry.

They are coming—quick, my falchion!

Let me front them ere I die.

Ah! no more amid the battle

Shall my heart exulting swell;

Isis and Osiris guard thee!

Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

### HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?

Why all this tedious pomp of writ?

Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow

For half a century, bit by bit.

In 'faith thou knowest more to-day

Than I do, where it can be found!

This shrivelled lump of suffering clay,

To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace

To the good body once I bore;

Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:

Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;

Thy only fault thy lagging gait,

Mistaken pity in thy heart

For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,

Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;



I shall be free when thou art through ;  
I grudge thee naught that thou must take !

Stay ! I have lied : I grudge thee one,  
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—  
Two members which have faithful done  
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine ;  
I grudge thee this quick-beating heart ;  
They never gave me coward sign,  
Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days  
Men in barbaric love or hate  
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,  
Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state :

The symbol, sign, and instrument  
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,  
Of fires in which are poured and spent  
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand !  
O fragile, dauntless human heart !  
The universe holds nothing planned  
With such sublime, transcendent art !

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine  
Poor little hand, so feeble now ;  
Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,  
Its veins so pallid and so slow—

*(Unfinished here.)*

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art:  
I shall be free when thou art through.  
Take all there is—take hand and heart:  
There must be somewhere work to do.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Her last poem: 7 August, 1885.

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### FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, APRIL, 1845.

FAREWELL, life! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night,—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill;  
Strong the earthly odor grows,—  
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns and hope revives;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold,—  
I smell the rose above the mold!

THOMAS HOOD.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis,—  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last,—  
And the fever called “Living”  
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length,—  
But no matter!—I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly  
Now, in my bed,  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead,—  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
The sighing and sobbing,  
Are quieted now,  
With that horrible throbbing  
At heart,—ah, that horrible,  
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,  
The pitiless pain,

Have ceased, with the fever  
That maddened my brain,—  
With the fever called “Living”  
That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures  
That torture the worst  
Has abated,—the terrible  
Torture of thirst  
For the naphthaline river  
Of Passion accurst!  
I have drunk of a water  
That quenches all thirst,

Of a water that flows,  
With a lullaby sound,  
From a spring but a very few  
Feet under ground,—  
From a cavern not very far  
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
Be foolishly said  
That my room it is gloomy  
And narrow my bed;  
For man never slept  
In a different bed,—  
And, to *sleep* you must slumber  
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
Here blandly reposes,

Forgetting, or never  
Regretting, its roses,—  
Its old agitations  
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
Lying, it fancies  
A holier odor  
About it, of pansies,—  
A rosemary odor,  
Commingled with pansies,  
With rue and the beautiful  
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
Bathing in many  
A dream of the truth  
And the beauty of Annie,—  
Drowned in a bath  
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
She fondly caressed,  
And then I fell gently  
To sleep on her breast,—  
Deeply to sleep  
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,  
She covered me warm,  
And she prayed to the angels  
To keep me from harm,—  
To the queen of the angels  
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly  
Now in my bed,  
(Knowing her love,)      That you fancy me dead;—  
And I rest so contentedly  
Now in my bed,  
(With her love at my breast,)      That you fancy me dead,—  
That you shudder to look at me,  
Thinking me dead :

But my heart it is brighter  
Than all of the many  
Stars in the sky ;  
For it sparkles with Annie,—  
It glows with the light  
Of the love of my Annie,  
With the thought of the light  
Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

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### THALATTA! THALATTA!

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

I STAND upon the summit of my life,  
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,  
The battle, and the burden : vast, afar  
Beyond these weary ways, Behold ! the Sea !  
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings ;  
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath  
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.

Palter no question of the horizon dim—  
 Cut loose the bark! ' Such voyage itself is rest,  
 Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
 A widening heaven, a current without care,  
 Eternity!—deliverance, promise, course!  
 Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

JOSEPH BROWNLEE BROWN.

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### THE SLEEP.

“ He giveth his beloved sleep.”—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,  
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is,  
 For gift or grace, surpassing this,—  
 “ He giveth his beloved sleep ”?

What would we give to our beloved?  
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—  
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,—  
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,—  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
 “ He giveth *his* beloved sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?  
 A little faith, all undisproved,—  
 A little dust to overweep,  
 And bitter memories, to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake,  
 “ He giveth *his* beloved sleep.”

“ Sleep soft, beloved ! ” we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;  
But never doleful dream again .  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
“ He giveth *his* beloved sleep . ”

O earth, so full of dreary noise !  
O men, with wailing in your voice !  
O delvèd gold the wailers heap !  
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall !  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
“ He giveth his beloved sleep . ”

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap ;  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“ He giveth his beloved sleep . ”

For me, my heart, that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the nummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on his love repose  
Who “ giveth his beloved sleep . ”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



## PROSPICE.

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be  
 gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and  
 forbore,  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
 The black minute 's at end,  
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of  
 pain.  
 Then a light, then thy breast,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

I WOULD not live away—live away below!  
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:  
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
cheer:

Would I shrink from the path which the prophets  
of God,  
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?  
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,  
While brethren and friends are all hastening  
home?

I would not live away: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,  
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;  
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the  
air,  
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of de-  
spair,  
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,  
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him  
away.

I would not live away—thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within;  
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,  
Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive again;

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:  
 The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,  
 But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,  
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;  
 Where he deigned to sleep, I 'll too bow my head,  
 All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.  
 Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,  
 The orient gleam of the angels of light,  
 With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise  
 And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
     plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;  
 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
 While the songs of salvation exultingly roll  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?  
 The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!  
 And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,  
 The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!  
 Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove,  
 To adore him—be near him—enwrapt with his  
     love;

I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—  
 Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord!

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

## FAREWELL.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,—  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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## LOVE AND DEATH.

ALAS! that men must see  
Love, before Death!  
Else they content might be  
With their short breath;  
Aye, glad, when the pale sun  
Showed restless day was done,  
And endless Rest begun.

Glad, when with strong, cool hand  
Death clasped their own,  
And with a strange command  
Hushed every moan;  
Glad to have finished pain,  
And labor wrought in vain,  
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice  
Bids self to flee—  
“Live that I may rejoice,  
Live on, for me!”

• So, for Love's cruel mind,  
Men fear this Rest to find,  
Nor know great Death is kind!

MARGARETTA WADE DELAND.

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TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die  
On such an eve, when such a sky  
O'er-canopies the west;  
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,  
And, like an infant, fall asleep  
On Earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea  
Of endless blue tranquillity:  
These clouds are living things;  
I trace their veins of liquid gold,  
I see them solemnly unfold  
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey  
Us weary children of a day—  
Life's tedious nothing o'er—  
Where neither passions come, nor woes,  
To vex the genius of repose  
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway  
With startling dawn and dazzling day;  
But gloriously serene  
Are the interminable plains:  
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns  
O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear;  
 I know thy greeting is severe  
     To this poor shell of clay:  
 Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss  
 Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!  
     I would I were away!

From the German of GLUCK.

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### ASLEEP, ASLEEP.

“And so saying, he fell asleep.”

MARTYRDOM OF SAINT STEPHEN.

ASLEEP! asleep! men talk of “sleep,”  
 When all adown the silent deep  
     The shades of night are stealing;  
 When like a curtain, soft and vast,  
 The darkness over all is cast,  
 And sombre stillness comes at last,  
     To the mute heart appealing.

Asleep! asleep! when soft and low  
 The patient watchers come and go,  
     Their loving vigil keeping;  
 When from the dear eyes fades the light,  
 When pales the flush so strangely bright,  
 And the glad spirit takes its flight,  
     We speak of death as “sleeping.”

Or when, as dies the orb of day,  
 The aged Christian sinks away,  
     And the lone mourner weepeth;

When thus the pilgrim goes to rest,  
 With meek hands folded on his breast,  
 And his last sigh a prayer confessed—  
 We say of such, "He sleepeth."

But when amidst a shower of stones,  
 And mingled curses, shrieks, and groans,  
 The death-chill slowly creepeth;  
 When falls at length the dying head,  
 And streams the life-blood dark and red,  
 A thousand voices cry, "He's dead";  
 But who shall say, "He sleepeth"?

"He fell asleep." A pen divine  
 Hath writ that epitaph of thine;  
 And though the days are hoary,  
 Yet beautiful thy rest appears—  
 Unsullied by the lapse of years—  
 And still we read, with thankful tears,  
 The tale of grace and glory.

Asleep! asleep! though not for thee  
 The touch of loving lips might be,  
 In sadly sweet leave-taking:  
 Though not for thee the last caress,  
 The look of untold tenderness,  
 The love that dying hours can press  
 From hearts with silence breaking.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

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### REST.

I LAY me down to sleep,  
 With little care

Whether my waking find  
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right-hand forgets  
Its cunning now;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong,—all that is past;  
I am ready not to do,  
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,  
And this is all my part,—  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,  
Though all the blue be dim;  
These stripes as well as stars  
Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

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### IN HARBOR.

I THINK it is over, over,  
I think it is over at last:  
Voices of foemen and lover,



The sweet and the bitter, have passed :  
Life, like a tempest of ocean,  
Hath outblown its ultimate blast :  
There's but a faint sobbing seaward  
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,  
And behold ! like the welcoming quiver  
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,  
    Those lights in the harbor at last,  
    The heavenly harbor at last !

I feel it is over ! over !

    For the winds and the waters surcease ;  
Ah, few were the days of the rover  
    That smiled in the beauty of peace,  
And distant and dim was the omen  
That hinted redress or release !  
From the ravage of life, and its riot,  
What marvel I yearn for the quiet  
    Which bides in the harbor at last,—  
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver  
That throb through the sanctified river,  
    Which girdle the harbor at last,  
    This heavenly harbor at last ?

I know it is over, over,

    I know it is over at last !  
Down sail ! the sheathed anchor uncover,  
For the stress of the voyage has passed :  
Life, like a tempest of ocean,  
    Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast :  
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,  
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward ;

And behold! like the welcoming quiver  
 Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river,  
 Those lights in the harbor at last,  
 The heavenly harbor at last!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

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### HUSH!

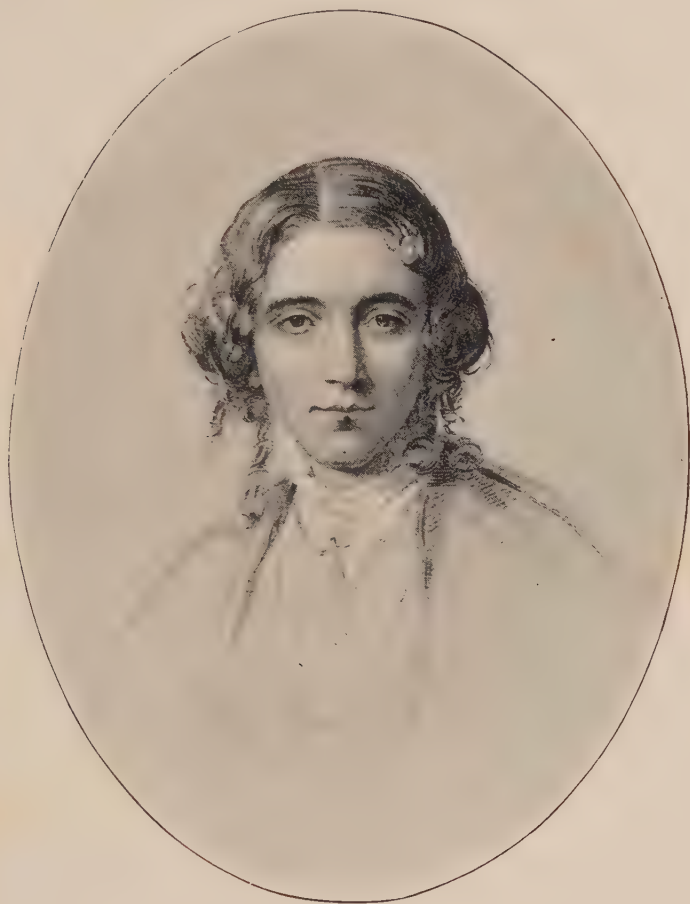
OH, hush thee, Earth! Fold thou thy weary  
 palms!  
 The sunset glory fadeth in the west;  
 The purple splendor leaves the mountain's  
 crest;  
 Gray twilight comes as one who beareth alms,  
 Darkness and silence and delicious calms.  
 Take thou the gift, O Earth! On Night's soft  
 breast  
 Lay thy tired head and sink to dreamless rest,  
 Lulled by the music of her evening psalms.  
 Cool darkness, silence, and the holy stars,  
 Long shadows when the pale moon soars on  
 high,  
 One far lone night-bird singing from the hill,  
 And utter rest from Day's discordant jars;  
 O soul of mine! when the long night draws nigh  
 Will such deep peace thine inmost being fill?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

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### LIFE.

"Animula, vagula, blandula."  
 LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part;





And when, or how, or where we met  
 I own to me 's a secret yet.  
 But this I know, when thou art fled,  
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
 No clod so valueless shall be,  
 As all that then remains of me.  
 O, whither, whither dost thou fly,  
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,  
     And in this strange divorce,  
 Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,  
     From whence thy essence came,  
     Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed  
     From matter's base uncumbering weed?  
     Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
     Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
 Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour  
 To break thy trance and reassume thy power?  
 Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?  
 O, say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
     'T is hard to part when friends are dear,—  
     Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:  
     Then steal away, give little warning,  
     Choose thine own time;  
 Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime  
     Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

VI.  
CONSOLATION.

---

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes:  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance!  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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### THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here!  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,—  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days,—  
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,—  
High as the heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have showed them  
me  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death,—the jewel of the just,—  
Shining nowhere but in the dark!

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
    Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may  
    know,  
    At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
    That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
    Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
    themes,  
    And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
    Her captive flames must needs burn there,  
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
    She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
    Created glories under thee!  
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
    Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
    My perspective still as they pass;  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill—  
    Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.



## THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

IN the best chamber of the house,  
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,  
There stood an antique chest of drawers,  
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.  
One day a woman, frail and gray,  
Stepped tottering across the floor—  
“Let in,” said she, “the light of day,  
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer.”

The girl, in all her youth’s loveliness,  
Knelt down with eager, curious face;  
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,  
Of jewels, and of rare old lace.  
But when the summer sunshine fell  
Upon the treasures hoarded there,  
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,  
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

“Dear Grandmamma,” she softly sighed,  
Lifting a withered rose and palm;  
But on the elder face was naught,  
But sweet content and peaceful calm.  
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed  
Upon a baby’s half-worn shoe;  
A little frock of finest lawn;  
A hat with tiny bows of blue;

A ball made fifty years ago;  
A little glove; a tasselled cap;

A half-done "long division" sum;  
Some school-books fastened with a strap.  
She touched them all with trembling lips—  
"How much," she said, "the heart can bear!  
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die  
The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know  
That through these weary, troubled years  
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,  
Their eyes have been unstained by tears.  
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight  
When earthly love is almost o'er;  
Those children wait me in the skies,  
For whom I locked that sacred drawer."

AMELIA EDITH BARR.

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### OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see:  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none returns from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning  
hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

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### GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!  
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!  
The dead, though they depart, return  
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;  
The dead live,—nevermore to die;  
And often, when we mourn them fled,  
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,  
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,  
(Ah! through how many different graves  
God's children go to him!)—

Yet every grave gives up its dead  
Ere it is overgrown with grass;  
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,  
Or need we cry, "Alas" ?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,  
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,

Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,  
Whose captives have escaped?

'Tis but a mound,—and will be mossed  
Whene'er the summer grass appears;  
The loved, though wept, are never lost;  
We only lose—our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead  
By bending forward where they are;  
But Memory, with a backward tread,  
Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,  
And we shall find them all once more;  
We look behind us for the Past,  
But lo! 't is all before!

ANONYMOUS.

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## THE TWO WAITINGS.

### I.

DEAR hearts, you were waiting a year ago  
For the glory to be revealed;  
You were wondering deeply, with bated breath,  
What treasure the days concealed.

O, would it be this, or would it be that?  
Would it be girl or boy?  
Would it look like father or mother most?  
And what should you do for joy?

And then, one day, when the time was full,  
And the spring was coming fast,  
The tender grace of a life outbloomed,  
And you saw your baby at last.

Was it or not what you had dreamed?  
It was, and yet it was not;  
But O, it was better a thousand times  
Than ever you wished or thought.

## II.

And now, dear hearts, you are waiting again,  
While the spring is coming fast;  
For the baby that was a future dream  
Is now a dream of the past:

A dream of sunshine, and all that's sweet;  
Of all that is pure and bright;  
Of eyes that were blue as the sky by day,  
And as clear as the stars by night.

You are waiting again for the fulness of time,  
And the glory to be revealed;  
You are wondering deeply with aching hearts  
What treasure is now concealed.

O, will she be this, or will she be that?  
And what will there be in her face  
That will tell you sure that she is your own,  
When you meet in the heavenly place?

As it was before, it will be again,  
Fashion your dream as you will;

When the veil is rent, and the glory is seen,  
It will more than your hope fulfil.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

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FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still;  
The angels of the hour fulfil  
Their tender ministries, and move  
From couch to couch in cares of love.  
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,  
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,  
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,  
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;  
And, as they pass, they seem to make  
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,  
And gives it to the night again,  
Fitted with words of lowly praise,  
And patience learned of mournful days,  
And memories of the dead child's ways.  
His will be done, His will be done!  
Who gave and took away my son,  
In "the far land" to shine and sing  
Before the Beautiful, the King,  
Who every day does Christmas make,  
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;  
I will anoint me where he lies,  
And change my raiment, and go in  
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin

Without, and seat me at his board,  
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.  
For wherefore should I fast and weep,  
And sullen moods of mourning keep?  
I cannot bring him back, nor he,  
For any calling, come to me.  
The bond the angel Death did sign,  
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor—this slender stone  
Marks all the narrow field I own;  
Yet, patient husbandman, I till  
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,  
Sow it with penitential pains,  
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;  
Content if, after all, the spot  
Yield barely one forget-me-not—  
Whether or figs or thistle make  
My crop content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—  
Only that little lonesome cell,  
Where never romping playmates come,  
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—  
An April burst of girls and boys,  
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys  
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;  
Nor ever is its stillness stirred  
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,  
Or mother's twilight legend, told  
Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold,  
Or fairy hobbling to the door,  
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,



To bless the good child's gracious eyes,  
The good child's wistful charities,  
And crippled changeling's hunch to make  
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;  
Nor would I any miracle  
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,  
Or plague his painless countenance:  
I would not any seer might place  
His staff on my immortal's face.  
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,  
Charm back his pale mortality.  
No, Shunamite! I would not break  
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:  
No comfort like his mother's breast,  
No praise like hers; no charm expressed  
In fairest forms hath half her zest.  
For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed  
That death left lonely in the nest;  
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,  
As for its birthday, in its best;  
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest  
To Him who gave, and who did take,  
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

## WATCHING FOR PAPA.

SHE always stood upon the steps  
Just by the cottage door,  
Waiting to kiss me when I came  
Each night home from the store.  
Her eyes were like two glorious stars,  
Dancing in heaven's own blue—  
“Papa,” she 'd call like a wee bird,  
*“I's looten out for oo!”*

Alas! how sadly do our lives  
Change as we onward roam!  
For now no birdie voice calls out  
To bid me welcome home.  
No little hands stretched out for me,  
No blue eyes dancing bright,  
No baby face peeps from the door  
When I come home at night.

And yet there's comfort in the thought  
That when life's toil is o'er,  
And passing through the sable flood  
I gain the brighter shore,  
My little angel at the gate,  
With eyes divinely blue,  
Will call with birdie voice, “Papa,  
*I's looten out for oo!”*

ANONYMOUS.

## MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
Yet when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I 'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call;  
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;  
A satchelled lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;  
And, as he 's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!  
When passing by the bed,

So long watched over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek him inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes, that—he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy;  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am in spirit praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past  
He lives; nor, to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there!*”

Yes, we all live to God!  
 Father, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

SONG.

SHE'S somewhere in the sunlight strong,  
 Her tears are in the falling rain,  
 She calls me in the wind's soft song,  
 And with the flowers she comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger,  
 The moon is but her silver car;  
 Yea! sun and moon are sent by her,  
 And every wistful waiting star.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
 And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;

“Have naught but the bearded grain?”

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to  
 me;

I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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“ONLY A YEAR.”

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,  
A clear blue eye,  
And clustering curls of sunny hair,  
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,  
No glance of eye,  
No clustering curls of golden hair,  
Fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes  
Far into life!  
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,  
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,  
The burial-stone,  
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,  
Remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year,  
And so much gone!  
And yet the even flow of life  
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,  
Above that head;  
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray  
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds  
That sing above  
Tells us how coldly sleeps below  
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?  
What hast thou seen,—  
What visions fair, what glorious life,  
Where hast thou been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!  
'Twixt us and thee;  
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,  
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,  
But present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,  
Our Saviour dear!  
We lay in silence at thy feet  
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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### BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

OH, deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Power who pities man, has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.



And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier  
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,—  
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### DE PROFUNDIS.

THE face which, duly as the sun,  
Rose up for me with life begun,  
To mark all bright hours of the day  
With daily love, is dimmed away—  
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run  
Smooth music from the roughest stone,  
And every morning with "Good day"  
Make each day good, is hushed away—  
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one  
For mine to lean and rest upon,

The strongest on the longest day,  
With steadfast love is caught away—  
And yet my days go on, go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,  
"This anguish pierces to the bone."  
And tender friends go sighing round,  
"What love can ever cure this wound?"  
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun  
And makes all night. O dreams begun,  
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!  
And life, that will not end in this!  
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:  
As one alone, once not alone,  
I sit and knock at Nature's door,  
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,  
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry—Undone, undone!  
Is there no help, no comfort—none?  
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains  
Where others drive their loaded wains?  
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,  
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.  
The little red hip on the tree  
Is ripe for such. What is for me,  
Whose days so winterly go on?

No bird am I to sing in June,  
 And dare not ask an equal boon.  
 Good nests and berries red are Nature's  
 To give away to better creatures—  
 And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done—  
 Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon  
 (Too early worn and grimed) with sweet  
 Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,  
 Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown  
 From off the earth where it has grown,  
 Some cubit-space, and say, "Behold,  
 Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,  
 Forgetting how the days go on."

A Voice reproves me thereupon,  
 More sweet than Nature's, when the drone  
 Of bees is sweetest, and more deep  
 Than when the rivers overleap  
 The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's—night and noon  
 He sits upon the great white throne,  
 And listens for the creature's praise.  
 What babble we of days and days?  
 The Dayspring he, whose days go on!

He reigns above, he reigns alone:  
 Systems burn out and leave his throne:  
 Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall  
 Around him, changeless amid all—  
 Ancient of days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, he reigns alone—  
And having life in love forgone  
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,  
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns  
Or rules with HIM, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,  
I hear him charge his saints that none  
Among the creatures anywhere  
BlaspHEME against him with despair,  
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown:  
No mortal grief deserves that crown.  
O supreme Love, chief misery,  
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*,  
Whose days eternally go on!

For us, . . . whatever 's undergone,  
Thou knowest, willest what is done.  
Grief may be joy misunderstood:  
Only the Good discerns the good.  
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever 's lost, it first was won!  
We will not struggle nor impugn.  
Perhaps the cup was broken here  
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.  
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;  
I love Thee while my days go on!  
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I thank thee while my days go on!

And, having in thy life-depth thrown  
Being and suffering (which are one),  
As a child drops some pebble small  
Down some deep well, and hears it fall  
Smiling—so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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BLESSED ARE THEY.

To us across the ages borne,  
Comes the deep word the Master said:  
“Blessèd are they that mourn;  
They shall be comforted!”

Strange mystery! It is better then  
To weep and yearn and vainly call,  
Till peace is won from pain,  
Than not to grieve at all!

Yea, truly, though joy's note be sweet,  
Life does not thrill to joy alone.  
The harp is incomplete  
That has no deeper tone.

Unclouded sunshine overmuch  
Falls vainly on the barren plain;  
But fruitful is the touch  
Of sunshine after rain!

Who only scans the heavens by day  
Their story but half reads, and mars;  
Let him learn how to say,  
“The night is full of stars!”

We seek to know Thee more and more,  
Dear Lord, and count our sorrows blest,  
Since sorrow is the door  
Whereby Thou enterest.

Nor can our hearts so closely come  
To Thine in any other place,  
As where, with anguish dumb,  
We faint in Thine embrace.

ROSSITER WORTHINGTON RAYMOND.

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### LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE," WHO DIED AT  
MILAN, JUNE 6, 1860.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?  
whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gar-  
dener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence,  
tell me where thou hast laid him."—JOHN xx. 15.

IN the fair gardens of celestial peace  
Walketh a gardener in meekness clad;  
Fair are the flowers that wreathe his dewy locks,  
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,  
Falling with saintly calmness to his feet;  
And when he walks, each floweret to his will  
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,  
In the mild summer radiance of his eye;  
No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost,  
Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love  
Are nurseries to those gardens of the air;  
And his far-darting eye, with starry beam,  
Watching the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,  
O'erwatched with restless longings night and  
day;  
Forgetful of the high, mysterious right  
He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields  
Needs the fair presence of an added flower,  
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night:  
At morn the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave!  
Blank, silent, vacant; but in worlds above,  
Like a new star outblossomed in the skies,  
The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friend, no more upon that lonely mound,  
Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf,  
Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye  
Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rosebud bore within its breast  
Those mysteries of color, warm and bright,  
That the bleak climate of this lower sphere  
Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence,  
Nor must thou ask to take her thence away;

Thou shalt behold her, in some coming hour,  
Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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### DEATH IN YOUTH.

FROM "FESTUS."

For to die young is youth's divinest gift;  
To pass from one world fresh into another,  
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,  
And feel the immortal impulse from within  
Which makes the coming life cry always, On!  
And follow it while strong, is heaven's last mercy.  
There is a fire-fly in the south, but shines  
When on the wing. So is't with mind. When  
once

We rest, we darken. On! saith God to the soul,  
As unto the earth for ever. On it goes,  
A rejoicing native of the infinite,  
As is a bird, of air; an orb, of heaven.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

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### IN MEMORIAM F. A. S.

YET, O stricken heart, remember, O remember  
How of human days he lived the better part.  
April came to bloom and never dim December  
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or  
heart.



Doomed to know not winter, only spring, a being  
 Trød the flowery April blithely for a while,  
 Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,  
 Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to  
 smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is  
 finished,

You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,  
 Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished  
 Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,  
 Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a  
 name.

Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing sea-  
 son

And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Davos, 1881.

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TEARS.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—  
 That is light grieving! lighter, none befell,  
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
 Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its  
 cot,  
 The mother singing; at her marriage bell  
 The bride weeps; and before the oracle  
 Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot  
 Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for  
 grace,

Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,  
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,  
And touch but tombs,—look up!—Those tears will  
    run  
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,  
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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### RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
    But one dead lamb is there!  
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
    But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
    And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
    Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
    Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
    Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
    Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
    May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition:  
    This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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### CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,  
And felt a presence as I prayed.  
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.  
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death we know;  
Restore again to life," I said,  
"This one who died an hour ago."  
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as thyself did say;  
Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep  
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"  
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, tho' haply she do wake,  
And look upon some fairer dawn,

Restore her to our hearts that ache!"

He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,

Nor hope again our joy to touch,  
Until the stream of death we cross."

He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our belovèd seem so far,

The while we yearn to feel them near,  
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."

He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they

Still walk unseen with us and Thee,  
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"

He smiled: "Abide in Me."

ROSSITER WORTHINGTON RAYMOND.

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### COMFORT.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so  
Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
Speak to me as Mary at thy feet—  
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
In reach of thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affection—thus in sooth,  
III—28

To lose the sense of losing! As a child  
Whose song-bird seeks the woods forevermore,  
Is sung to instead by mother's mouth;  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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### THE SECRET OF DEATH.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him; "come away;  
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.  
"Come away!" they said; "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,  
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and  
gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key  
And turned it. Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet  
cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.

He and she; still she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips, and breasts without  
breath,  
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

See now ; I will listen with soul, not ear ;  
What was the secret of dying, dear ?

“ Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life’s flower fall ?

“ Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o’er the agony steal ?

“ Was the miracle greater to find how deep  
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep ?

“ Did life roll back its records, dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

“ And was it the innermost heart of the bliss  
To find out, so, what a wisdom love is ?

“ O perfect dead ! O dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !

“ I listen as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

“ There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet !

“ I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And ’t were your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

“ I would say, though the angel of death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.



"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,  
With a sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

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PEACE.

THERE is the peace that cometh after sorrow,  
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;  
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,  
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,  
Nor in the happy life of love secure,  
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses,  
Of conflicts won, while learning to endure.

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded,  
A life subdued, from will and passion free;  
'T is not the peace that over Eden brooded,  
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

ANONYMOUS.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy, calm delight,—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door,—  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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### HAPPY ARE THE DEAD.

I WALKED the other day, to spend my hour,  
Into a field,  
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield  
A gallant flower:  
But winter now had ruffled all the bower  
And curious store  
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer  
In the face of things,

Thought with myself, there might be other springs  
Beside this here,  
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;  
And so the flower  
Might have some other bower.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,  
I digged about  
That place where I had seen him to grow out;  
And by and by  
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,  
Where fresh and green  
He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare  
Did I there strow;  
But all I could extort was, that he now  
Did there repair  
Such losses as befell him in this air,  
And would erelong  
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;  
And, stung with fear  
Of my own frailty, dropped down many a tear  
Upon his bed;  
Then, sighing, whispered, *Happy are the dead!*  
*What peace doth now*  
*Rock him asleep below!*

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs  
From a poor root  
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,  
And hath no wings

To raise it to the truth and light of things,  
But is still trod,  
By every wandering clod!

O thou whose spirit did at first inflame  
And warm the dead!  
And by a sacred incubation fed  
With life this frame,  
Which once had neither being, form, nor name!  
Grant I may so  
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masks and shadows I may see  
Thy sacred way;  
And by those hid ascents climb to that day  
Which breaks from thee,  
Who art in all things, though invisibly:  
Show me thy peace,  
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows  
reign,  
Lead me above,  
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move  
Without all pain:  
There, hid in thee, show me his life again  
At whose dumb urn  
Thus all the year I mourn.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE GREEN GRASS UNDER THE  
SNOW.

THE work of the sun is slow,  
But as sure as heaven, we know ;  
    So we 'll not forget,  
    When the skies are wet,  
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,  
Wailing like voices of woe,  
    There are April showers,  
    And buds and flowers,  
And green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so  
In this life's uneven flow ;  
    We've only to wait,  
    In the face of fate,  
For the green grass under the snow.

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

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THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,  
And yet the monument proclaims it not,  
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought  
    The emblems of a fame that never dies,  
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,  
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.  
    A simple name alone,  
    To the great world unknown,

Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,  
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,  
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart  
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,  
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands  
The passions that consumed his restless heart :  
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,  
Gentlest in mien and mind,  
Of gentle womankind,  
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame ;  
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made  
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May.  
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade  
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that molds here  
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with  
fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when  
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,  
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men  
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.  
Not thus were raged the mighty wars that gave  
The victory to her who fills this grave ;  
Alone her task was wrought,  
Alone the battle fought ;  
Through that long strife her constant hope was  
staid  
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look  
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,

And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and  
took,

Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.  
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,  
And calmly broke in twain  
The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain.  
With love she vanquished hate and overcame  
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,

Glory that with the fleeting season dies;  
But when she entered at the sapphire gate  
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!  
How heaven's bright depths with sounding wel-  
comes rung,

And flowers of heaven by shining hands were  
flung!

And He who, long before,  
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,  
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,  
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;  
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,  
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching  
slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;  
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.  
Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go  
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.

Brief is the time, I know,  
The warfare scarce begun;  
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.



Still flows the fount, whose waters strengthened  
thee;

The victors' names are yet too few to fill  
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,  
That ministered to thee, is open still.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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### THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not de-  
plore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before  
thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold  
thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has  
died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion for-  
saking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy  
waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the sera-  
phim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to  
deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy  
guide;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore  
thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour  
hath died.

REGINALD HEBER.

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### LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due;  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;  
So may some gentle muse  
With lucky words favor my destined urn,

And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud ;  
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his wester-  
ing wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the oaten flute ;  
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad song would not be absent long,  
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But, oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone—  
Now thou art gone, and never must return !

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-  
grown,

And all their echoes, mourn ;  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white-thorn blows ;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless  
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream—  
Ay me! I fondly dream,  
Had ye been there; for what could that have  
done?

What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of sò much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea;  
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
And questioned every gust of rugged winds  
That blows from off each beakèd promontory;  
They knew not of his story;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,  
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.  
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean Lake;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
How well could I have spared for thee, young  
swain,  
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how  
to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? what need they? they are  
sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they  
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,

The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies,  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away where'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth!  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more!  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the  
    waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and  
 rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.  
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay;  
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

MILTON.

## AFTER DEATH.

FROM "PEARLS OF THE FAITH."

*He made life—and He takes it—but instead  
 Gives more: praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hid!*

He who dies at Azan\* sends  
 This to comfort faithful friends:—

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,  
 Pale and white and cold as snow;

\* The hour of prayer; esteemed a blessed time to die.







And ye say, "Abdullah 's dead!"  
Weeping at my feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your cries and prayers,  
Yet I smile and whisper this:—  
"I am not that thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears and let it lie:  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave  
For its last bed in the grave  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which at last  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room;  
The wearer, not the garb; the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from the splendid stars.  
Loving friends! be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye:  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'T is an empty sea-shell, one  
Out of which the pearl is gone.  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'T is an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of His treasury,  
A mind which loved him: let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hid, Allah most good!  
Now thy grace is understood:  
Now my heart no longer wonders  
What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders  
Life from death, and death from heaven:  
Nor the "Paradises Seven"  
Which the happy dead inherit;  
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit  
Toward the Throne, "green birds and white,"  
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!  
Now the long, long darkness ends.  
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,  
While the man whom ye call "dead"  
In unbroken bliss instead  
Lives, and loves you: lost, 't is true  
By any light which shines for you;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,  
And enlarging Paradise;  
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face  
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will marvel why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by true love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
Sunshine still must follow rain!  
Only not at death, for death—  
Now I see—is that first breath

Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, that is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,  
Viewed from Allah's Throne above;  
Be ye firm of trust, and come  
Faithful onward to your home!  
" *La Allah illa Allah!* Yea,  
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

*He who died at Azan gave  
This to those that made his grave.*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

---

### IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And, midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose,  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,

And rise on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,  
Thy chosen cannot die!  
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE.

---

### THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! the stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine forever more.

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts  
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth

Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth of joy  
Are worthy of our love or care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into paradise,  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody  
That we have missed and mourned so long  
Now mingles with the angel choir  
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms  
That we have learned to love are torn  
From our embracing arms;

Although with bowed and breaking heart,  
With sable garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! they have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay  
To put their shining raiment on;  
They have not wandered far away—  
They are not “lost” or “gone.”

Though disenthralled and glorified,  
They still are here and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the wildly raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;  
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

JAMES L. M'CREERY.

1863.

---

### GOING AND COMING.

GOING—the great round Sun,  
Dragging the captive Day  
Over behind the frowning hill,  
Over beyond the bay,—  
Dying:



Coming—the dusky Night,  
Silently stealing in,  
Wrapping himself in the soft warm couch  
Where the golden-haired Day hath been  
Lying.

Going—the bright, blithe Spring;  
Blossoms! how fast ye fall,  
Shooting out of your starry sky  
Into the darkness all  
Blindly!

Coming—the mellow days:  
Crimson and yellow leaves;  
Languishing purple and amber fruits  
Kissing the bearded sheaves  
Kindly!

Going—our early friends;  
Voices we loved are dumb;  
Footsteps grow dim in the morning dew;  
Fainter the echoes come  
Ringing:

Coming to join our march,—  
Shoulder to shoulder pressed,—  
Gray-haired veterans strike their tents  
For the far-off purple West—  
Singing!

Going—this old, old life;  
Beautiful world, farewell!  
Forest and meadow! river and hill!  
Ring ye a loving knell  
O'er us!

Coming—a nobler life ;  
Coming—a better land ;  
Coming—a long, long, nightless day ;  
Coming—the grand, grand  
Chorus !

EDWARD A. JENKS.

---

BLIND.

LAUGHING, the blind boys  
Run 'round their college lawn,  
Playing such games of buff  
Over its dappled grass !

See the blind frolicsome  
Girls in blue pinafores,  
Turning their skipping ropes !

How full and rich a world  
Theirs to inhabit is !  
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,  
Playmates' glad symphony.  
Cool touch of western wind,  
Sunshine's divine caress.  
How should they know or feel  
They are in darkness ?

But—O the miracle !  
If a Redeemer came,  
Laid fingers on their eyes—  
One touch—and what a world  
New born in loveliness !

Spaces of green and sky,  
Hulls of white cloud adrift,

Ivy-grown college walls,  
Shining loved faces!

What a dark world—who knows?  
Ours to inhabit is!  
One touch, and what a strange  
Glory might burst on us!  
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly,  
Blindly, upon the verge  
Of an Apocalypse?

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

## THE DEATH OF DEATH.

SONNET CXLV.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying  
then.

SHAKESPEARE.



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